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# UP THE SUSQUEHANNA

HILES G. PARDOE

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

FEEDING THE SUSQUEHANNA.

# UP THE SUSQUEHANNA

A Series of Summer Letters from the Chesapeake Bay to Otsego Lake and the Alleghanies, embracing Historical Incidents, Legends, Etchings of Indian Life, Geological Facts, Pen Pictures of Eminent Men, Description of the Country, etc.

By Hiles C. Pardoe

Author of "Byrne Ransom's Building," "Beyond the Ruts," "Gospel Amongst the Boys and Girls," etc.

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To My Wife, Mrs. Annie Stoner Pardoe.

# PREFACE.

IT is hardly fair that vacation days should be like spent balls. The love of inquiry is innate. It is in the blood and bones, the brain and heart. The mind seeks for truth with the same dexterity evinced by the magnetic needle in hunting for the polestar. We were made for truth. The search for it and the joy at finding it are akin.

We may be able to simply play along the coast line of the supernatural because tied down to an insignificant moiety of days; but germs of truth, if cared for, will most assuredly grow. All students of truth find one day or another that Nature will reveal her charms; history will bind them to the men who were upon this planet; and the present will secure them a patient hearing if they are willing to persevere.

God's great rivers are always associated with peoples. Flowing on forever to the sea,

they are regardless of the changes among men, but men will not let them flow on forever alone. The Susquehanna is a great river, and men and women in all parts of the world turn with wistful hearts toward its historic banks and remember the days of auld lang syne.

The merit of these simple letters lies in their connection with this river, and should the pleasure of reading them be equal to the pleasure of the writing the end will be gained. I am especially indebted to the following gentlemen for suggestive data: Hon. John B. Linn, A. Boyd Hamilton, H. C. P., in *Golden Days;* W. H. Shaw, Dr. W. H. Egle, J. F. McGinness, B. H. Warren, and others.

THE AUTHOR.

*Bedford, Pa.*

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THE SUSQUEHANNA AT CHESAPEAKE BAY.

**Camp James Norton, Chesapeake Bay, Md.,** } **June.**

THERE is a twinge of jealousy in the heart when one remembers that the artists have passed by the Susquehanna to dip their brushes into bright colors for the purpose of setting forth the picturesqueness of the Hudson, the Avon, and the Rhine. This is the more justly true if you were to the manor born and watched from childhood the sweep of these waters from the northland to the sea.

The song of the Susquehanna is yet unsung! The data are fragmentary, and many of its secrets are in the graves with the men

and women who lived on its banks, plied the oar, and fished its branches. No one can say at what time in the evolution of things this great channel was scooped out by mysterious fingers or when the historic currents were started. We know the red sons of the woods cried "Siskee-Hannee"—muddy waters; and later "Saos-que-haanunk"—long, crooked river; but what its original name was is locked up in the silence of the ages.

It is seldom that "birds of passage" get bewildered in their spring and autumn flights, for the reason that they elect a keen-eyed leader who by a happy instinct marshals his forces in a proper angle in the sky, and so they drive homeward with remarkable precision. So it is when men migrate to unknown parts. They demand a sturdy and competent leader. Taking his cue from nature's faithful water courses, courage and determination soon bring victory out of the wilderness. If the Dutch of the Manhattan colony struck the Susquehanna about the lakes in New York, at its source, the Swedes of Delaware, and later the English, marched northward from beyond the Chesapeake Bay.

When the purse is light, or the duties press too keenly for trips beyond the sea, one may pitch his tent here at the outlet of this great river and with camera, canoe, field glass, and fishing rod find an outing quite adapted to his tastes and exhilarating to his spirits.

The morning is now cleverly advanced. The sunlight floods the scene. Every sail in the open bay is taut, and nameless craft go sweeping by. The immense freight trains are creeping over the high bridges that span the river. The quaint old towns of Havre de Grace, Port Deposit, and Perryville are astir for the day. Each of the first two of these towns has a history dating far back into the last century. Neither of them has put on the higher forms of industrial enterprise, but both remind you somewhat of the river towns on the Mississippi.

*

The traditions of the lower Susquehanna are few. The unwritten legends have almost faded out of existence with the old settlers as they have disappeared.

Three hundred years ago some Spanish adventurers captured an Algonquin Indian

and carried him into Central Mexico. The fellow showed genius in some lines and was educated for a priest in the Roman Catholic Church. The intention was to give him the right of way among the tribes of the upper and lower Susquehanna as a missionary teacher. Coming North with one of the Jesuit fathers to be installed in his office, he killed his traveling companion and fled the section.

Captain John Smith, who explored the Chesapeake Bay region in the sixteenth century, says that Powhatan, the celebrated warrior, was intimidated in pushing his canoes up the Susquehanna,except for a few miles, on account of the murderous character of the Susquehannocks who dwelt there. His scouts reported the river full of "great and mighty rocks and many gyants with hellish voyces, sounding out their words as if speaking out of great caverns." Tradition does not get behind these Susquehannocks. They are supposed to have been relatives of the Mohawks on the Hudson. During the years A. D. 1666 and 1675 the Five Nations (Iroquois) from the North waged a war against them and finally conquered them. Many were captured as prisoners and taken to

New York, and a remnant who fled South were afterward permitted to return as tributary, and were the Conestogas, of Lancaster County.

WILLIAM PENN.

Our royal old friend William Penn came with his patent to "Penn's Woods" in A. D. 1682. The people of this State are proud of the man who sounded the depths of the red

man's purposes and made that celebrated treaty with him on the banks of the Delaware. Later, under the elms at Shakamaxon, he met certain chiefs of the four conflicting powers, and by consent fixed certain lines toward the setting sun. Connodagh-Toy represented the remnant of the Susquehannocks; Oppeessah was King of the Delawares; Wee-When-Gough, King of the Potomacs; and Ahoak-Assough, he of the Onondagas. It was difficult for Mr. Penn to tell who were the rightful owners of the lands along the Susquehanna. The governor of New York claimed them as far as the Conestoga Falls, and deeded them to Penn at a nominal figure. Various deeds and transfers are upon record in the archives of the State A. D. 1699–1701–1736, the latter indicating the head springs of the river and the Blue Mountains as the outer boundaries. In the peaceable conferences of Penn with the tribes they said they had conquered the country by their own courage and could sell it to whom they pleased; only the Juniata country and the Alleghanies, which were abundant in elk, beaver, and deer, must be excepted.

If it seems a melancholy rule that retires one set of men from a given region to be followed by another, the only answer that can be given to the statement is that a distinct evolution toward a higher and better civilization demands such changes.

It is interesting to note how the instinct of immortality asserted itself in these early people. Lying here in the bed of the river are immense rocks, upon which they carved some of their peculiar notions, with the evident intention of writing up the history of their times. They have erected no great monuments, built no great pyramids, sunk no great shafts, but they have curiously chiseled upon these rocks some rude hieroglyphics telling the story of some wild adventure, some desperate battle, some tale of the weather or of the floods in the river. Here is the image of a fish and here a serpent's head. If some Champollion were near these lines which the storms of the ages have not blotted out might be read with satisfaction.

*

The geological formation of this region is peculiar. In what is perhaps the highest

point of land in the vicinity—three hundred feet above low water mark—is an immense deposit of conglomerate pebbles, sand, and great beds of white and pink quartz. An eminent geological authority has proven that no agency in existence at present could have put this deposit where it is, and that it is distinct from every other formation in Pennsylvania. Is it, then, the product of some great drive of a glacier? Mr. Agassiz claimed that the northern part of the United States was covered at one time with an ice sheet; that many of the rocks are polished and grooved in distinct lines in the river valleys; and that the southern end of this ice sheet extended as far south as New Jersey and Pennsylvania. This glacier was a thousand feet thick in New England, and had an ice front three hundred feet high in Pennsylvania. The same authority says that the line is indicated by a series of singular hills, gravelly ridges, and deep holes called "kettles," supposed to be the end of a great terminal ground moraine. Whatever may be the exact facts, it is certain that many of these conditions are fully met in the structure of this section.

**The Mouth of the Conestoga, Lancaster County, Pa., } June.**

IT is perfectly clear to thoughtful people that "the power that makes for righteousness" and superintends our affairs is pleased to bring into the world betimes special men —men with a providential history. A genius is said to be a man whose brain acts automatically. Robert Fulton, who was born a short distance from the Susquehanna, in Lancaster County, was a genius. The breadwinners will never let his name die, for along with his lofty purposes in other directions he had a talent for serving them. His hobby, as is known, was steam as applied to the running of boats. If the man is a philanthropist who makes two blades of grass grow instead of one, what shall be said of the inventor who lifts from the shoulders of multitudes the burdens of life? Precocious and talkative from early childhood, he was always bent upon doing everything as nobody else would do it, and later, of intermeddling with all wisdom. One of his teachers would facetiously say

that "his head was so full of original notions that there was no vacant chamber to store away things out of the books." To him the foundries and machine shops of Lancaster had greater attractions than the schoolhouse. Whizzing wheels, piston rods, and other paraphernalia of the mechanics set his brain on fire. He is credited with thirty-five inventions, among which were submarine guns, torpedoes, cast-iron bridges, etc. His great motto was, "The liberty of the seas will be the happiness of the earth." Others little dreamed of the possibilities bound up in the life of the young man, but he was conscious of having been born for a great purpose.

*

And who shall say that these throb-beats of genius were not inspired? That first attempt to run a boat by steam up the Hudson—the Susquehanna being too shallow—brought the laugh of derision from the gaping crowds upon the banks. But the curious craft got the victory, and was at once the forerunner and prophet of numberless vessels that should ply all waters, and bear the commerce of all nations. Was the life of Fulton thought out,

mapped out, and shaped by an Almighty designer, that he might be the servant of many peoples?

*

It is impossible to spend many days in this singularly constructed geological region without calling to mind that great challenge to man in the Book of Job, to give an account of the genesis of things about him. In that old, weather-beaten schoolhouse on the hill, where we have spent the afternoon, we found the teacher wholly absorbed in discussing theories out of the text-books. How greatly would he add to his power as a teacher if he would bring out into the external world occasionally those inquisitive chaps! Let him put the microscope upon this piece of gneiss, or this spar, or this chlorite, or the new red sandstone which is so prominent for miles along this side of the river. Let him study with them the plant life of this region, study these bold cliffs, and unfold as best he might the splendid notions of the Creator when he formed the Susquehanna. Most of us have a hard time to forgive our old-time schoolmasters for this kind of neglect. We are strangers in the

mines, strangers in the quarries, strangers in the woods. All around us Nature is constantly unfolding her unique processes of world building; but how slow we are to catch her ideas! We know she is somewhat shy, but to the diligent student she will reveal her secrets yet more and more.

*

The people of these lower counties bordering on the Susquehanna—York, Lancaster, Lebanon, and Berks—will never forgive the author of that interesting little volume called *The Pennsylvania Dutch*, for characterizing them in that way in print. The younger generation is sensitive upon the point; and yet of late there is a strong disposition to pride itself upon German ancestry. The Pennsylvania Society is becoming quite a stalwart organization, and is composed of many of the highest scholars in the State. The study of German classical literature, the recovery and preservation of old German documents, and the diligent tracing of ancestral lines have made this movement quite popular. These sturdy sons of the original settlers are not only industrious and econom-

ical, but are substantial citizens and loyal to American institutions. They are honest, hospitable, and kind, and although they move slowly in most lines, and perhaps are easily imposed upon by sharpers, there are great overlapping seams of moral worth in their characters which bind them to the commonwealth, to goodness, and to truth.

*

The whole lower region of the Susquehanna, from Port Deposit to Columbia, upon either side of the river, and, indeed, in the bed of the river, makes one think that nature must have been either angry or else in a playful mood the day in which it was created. See these bold, jagged precipices, jutting clear out into the waters, those ponderous bowlders in the very bed of the channels weighing thousands of tons. What are they doing here? How did they get here? Was it by some mighty convulsion of nature, such as is unknown at the present day? Why these unique, unnatural, and grotesque shapes? It is as if Jove had been hurling his thunderbolts at his enemies and to their absolute discomfiture.

Professor Rogers says that these rocks constitute what is called the base of the primal system. They are so altered, however, as to have been mistaken by some scholars for true hypozoic, metamorphic rocks of the gneissic group; being, as I take it, the rocks which contain organic remains. Whatever the formation may be, the hammer makes but little impression upon them. Especially is this true in the neighborhood of Chiques. Along by Shank's Ferry the fine-grained gneiss rocks, elaborately wrought up into great bowlders, almost shut up the bed of the river, and which have been a barrier from time immemorial to the West Branch lumbermen in piloting their rafts to the open bay. They are compelled to land at Marietta and Columbia and find a market by some other means. Why has the State of Pennsylvania been so slow to open up a channel in the river sufficient to make it navigable as far at least as the State capital? The tides reach Port Deposit, and vessels of light draught are here; but these immense bowlders are insurmountable barriers for vessels to go beyond this point. It would seem that in this engi-

neering age the money and brains should be yet forthcoming in order to accomplish this result. As it is the Susquehanna, with its historic associations, is but a public drain for the mountain and hill country of the north. From such an improvement the towns and villages would gain additional power and feel the touch of a new commercial life.

*

Have you ever indulged in that playful diversion of concealing your name, your residence, your whereabouts, and in a business way joining a company of village loafers, to find out what they are thinking and talking about? It is a sharp hour for studying tendencies. To-day we stopped at an old country tavern to wait for a train. The barroom was full of the lower grade of workmen. We soon discovered that social discontent was the trend of the conversation. It was a rough-looking crowd, and although they kept a rather suspicious eye upon the stranger our dress did not betray us. The most hilarious fellow of the crowd was a little low-browed, glib-tongued Irishman, fresh from the sod. He was evidently the philosopher of the party.

After a violent tirade upon things in general in his own land he struck the subject with which all seemed familiar—the evils of poverty. As the train swept along the tumble-down porch where they had gathered, and as on that particular day there were several elegant parlor coaches attached to it, the fellow's language became starred with epithets and adjectives. "Aha!" he said, "the lucky rich! the lucky rich! see how they live! see how they travel! see how they lord it over the poor!" His comrades were not long in taking up the threads of the arguments, and in a coarse, vulgar way abused society for its distinctions until we wondered whether we were safe in such a crowd. To discuss the subject would only have been casting pearls before swine. We did not fail to get the key of the situation, however, as the gay bartender dealt out the drinks every twenty minutes, and all with one exception gathered about a table and began to shuffle some queer colored cards, whilst near at hand were a number of green-backs, all of which we interpreted as being the main cause of their poverty and social discontent.

Peach Bottom,
York County, Pa., } June.

IT seems almost necessary at times to apologize for Nature, she seems so extravagant. Her specimens of beauty, wisdom, and fragrance lie about in such out-of-the-way places and in such nameless profusion that you get bewildered. The old Greeks settled this matter by saying that the external world was made not only by the gods but for the gods.

If you can get a permit to drive your team upon the towpath of the Pennsylvania Canal which runs from the village of Wrightsville on to the Maryland line, you will have a midsummer pleasure that will linger with you during a lifetime. Leaving the rich headland farms of York County behind you soon press into a scene of exquisite beauty and picturesqueness. An artist could wish for no greater chances for the display of his genius than upon this ride. The bold palisades to the right running for miles, with their slanting shadows in the stream; the great islands in mid-river covered with all kinds of foliage tinged with

amber and gold by the western sun; the wild growths up the mountain side with the evergreen bluffs hugging the canal-way: the wild flowers; the cultivated hillsides; the snug homes of the people in sequestered places; the deep ravines fringed with water lilies and the prickly pear; the majestic clouds drifting hither and yon, all make up a series of unsurpassed loveliness.

*

There is a large and prosperous colony of Welsh people located in sight of the river upon either side of the State line separating Maryland and Pennsylvania. They are immigrants from the north part of Wales, and were attracted here as early as 1843 by the discovery of the splendid slate belt which runs northeast and southwest in both Pennsylvania and Maryland, and in which there are perhaps a score of immense quarries. The analysis of this Peach Bottom slate by the Pennsylvania Geological Survey shows it to be practically free from sulphur, iron, and lime. It is said that where these ingredients are found in slate beds constant exposure produces decomposition. The first work of the quarrymen is the dynamite

THE SUSQUEHANNA AT COLUMBIA, PA.

blast, followed by the lifting of immense blocks of slate to the surface, then the process of sawing and splitting, and the trimming of the edges, after which the shingles are ready for the market. The workmen soon become experts and the trade is one of the great industries of "Bangor" and the "Slate Quarries."

*

When Professor Dana visited this regior he referred to the "Boice Farm" as having furnished him with many fine specimens of Indian curios, chisels, arrowheads, cooking utensils, and other relics of the race which once had headquarters upon these great bluffs. The Smithsonian Institution was greatly enriched by that visit. A tramp over the farm to-day yielded many queer specimens for the home cabinet, and puts one in touch with the men and women of earlier times.

The average tourist does not dream of the existence of so many remarkable points of interest along the lower Susquehanna until he has compassed the region in detail. There are the "Bald Friar," an order of rocks as distinct among rocks as was the "Black

Friar," a distinct order of men in the mediæval times, and which Luther denounced with such zeal and determination when once he had thrown off the yoke of the Roman Church.

Here are the old chrome mines at Rock Spring—now abandoned—but which have been visited by many distinguished mineralogists. Large and numerous specimens have been found, carnelian, moss agate, chalcedony, green tourmaline, etc. Nature is forever casting such treasures into the laps of the men who use their eyes.

*

Then again there are located within easy distance of the river in Lancaster County the great and only nickel mines in the United States. As far back as 1718 they were worked as copper mines. Some shrewd Yankee discovered upon one occasion large quantities of nickel in the *débris* of the mines, and, keeping the secret to himself, he bought the property at a nominal figure and became rich. The process of crushing, smelting, and grinding the metal is singularly slow and expensive, and the ready coin cur-

rent in trade shows but few signs of the tired hands and hard toil necessary to bring forth such results.

The Epsom Salts mines which once were largely operated and were productive to a remarkable degree, have also been abandoned. Pennsylvania, rich in mineral, oils, agriculture, lumber, etc., is also to be honored in her medicinal springs, not the least of which are the "Black Barren Springs" of this part of the State, now becoming a popular resort for invalids.

*

It is passing strange that the people who live along the central and northern parts washed by the Susquehanna will submit, year after year, to that injustice which gives exclusive right of way in the shad-fishing industry to the region lying between Columbia and the Chesapeake Bay. The temperature of the river is so agreeable to the young shad that they gladly leave the ocean tides and wish to penetrate to the very sources of the inland stream. The construction of the dams in the river interferes with this natural order and cuts off a rich supply of palatable

food for the tables of thousands. And the leadership seems to be lacking that would invent a method to stock these waters from their sources to the sea. As a matter of commercial enterprise one would think that different results would be forthcoming.

*

Birds of prey in large numbers make their haunts in these rugged hills. Here they are comparatively free. Here they rear their families and lead them out as public scavengers. The buzzard and the hawk claim all seasons as their own. They dwell in these caverns. The eagle takes great delight amid the crags. It is often a dainty dish that the hungry brood gets, as the barnyard goose and lamb have but little power to resist the talons, beak, and wings of the mother bird. The eagle may be a historic character, known in many lands as an emblem, perching upon the flagstaff in the hour of battle, but he has very brutal instincts, as we have proved by a day in these Susquehanna fastnesses.

*

There was one expression in Lord Baltimore's charter of Maryland that gave the

early colonists a great deal of trouble, in indicating a line it is said. "And behind the woods;" that was too much for the engineer. Penn's men claimed the Baltimore city plot and Lord Baltimore claimed the Philadelphia plot. The dispute became famous; passions ran high, suits were instituted, and much bad blood was manifested. The quarrel lasted seventy years. A compromise was finally effected in 1760, and the "Mason and Dixon's Line" of stones was set up. A few of them are still standing. Every fifth stone had both Penn's coat of arms and the escutcheon of Lord Baltimore engraved upon it. The stones extended to the extreme limits of the State. Those "Dixie" stones became well-known division marks between free and slave labor. The tumble-down cabins of the Negroes have not altogether disappeared. Thrifty and vigorous a State as Maryland is there are yet marks of that ancient and hateful system. The "come-and-go-easy" life of these black fellows lolling about in the shade; that old plow with a mule and boy scratching about upon yon hills; the absence of the homelike cottages

that we see in New England, where the honeysuckle blooms at the doorway, and the shaded lawns and the whitewashed fences everywhere abound, all indicate that something has come down from bygone days when men and women were only chattels and Negroes had no rights which a white man was bound to respect. It is as natural for a real American to look with jealous eyes upon every tendency to improve our American home life as it is for the stars to come out when once the sun is hidden in the west.

**Duncan's Island,**
**Perry County, Pa.,** } **June.**

THERE are many well-wooded, rocky, and thicket-grown islands lying in the bed of the river in its majestic stretches from central New York to Maryland, but very few that are fit for cultivation. Duncan's Island, Dauphin County, is an exception. It is snugly ensconced here at the confluence of the Juniata and the Susquehanna. The stream is a mile in width, and the island twenty miles from the capital of the State. The island is possibly two miles in length, has somewhat of a population, the soil is alluvial, the drives are excellent, and the outlook in every direction charming. Both of the rivers are spanned with bridges. An aqueduct diverts the canal into the Juniata valley. The dam in the Susquehanna, with a towing bridge for boats, puts the canal, henceforth, on the east bank of the river until it reaches Wrightsville. This island was the seat of an Indian village of some importance, and the tradition is strongly fortified that the Cayugas and Delawares fought a battle here,

in which the latter were defeated. There is, perhaps, in the annals of this region no such

1. PACKER'S ISLAND AT SUNBURY, PA. 2. THE WILLIAMSPORT LOG-BOOM. 3. JUNCTION OF THE JUNIATA AND SUSQUEHANNA AT DUNCANNON.

photograph of the utter vagrancy, destitution, and debauchery of the original Indian life as

that given by a devoted missionary, David Brainerd, when he visited Duncan's Island in 1744. Mr. Brainerd was so completely enamored of the Gospel as a cure-all for the ills of humanity, even in their worst form, that he consecrated his whole life to the reconstruction of the savage character. A student from Yale College, a man of uncommon pluck and devotion, he came here afoot on his way to the Wyoming Valley. The tribe was celebrating some event with a "Deer Sacrifice," which was only another name for a drunken revelry. The whole encampment was converted into a debauch, and scores of male and female dervishes were engaged in the mystic dance. A fat deer was laid upon an altar in sacrifice. An Indian reformer from afar was present, dressed in a bearskin suit and wearing a mask painted alternately red and black, and was acting the part of a priest. He harangued the crowd for a time, then threw the fat into the fire, and, while the feasting, dancing, and drinking were carried forward, kept beating time upon the shell of a tortoise, and chanting to the Great Spirit. Mr. Brainerd, who was the only white man on the island, did not despair of his own

life, although surrounded by this drunken, villainous crew, but he despaired of the Gospel's power to reach and save them. Although conversant with their language, and remaining a considerable time telling the magnificent story of the New Testament, he surrendered to the inevitable and quit the place. His efforts elsewhere were much more successful.

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Having touched to-day the site of Fort Halifax, one in the celebrated chain of ante-revolutionary forts of central Pennsylvania, stretching from the Delaware Water Gap on through the State to Cumberland, Md., at the base of the Alleghanies, a series of thrilling adventures came to mind in which the original white settlers were the chief actors as well as the chief sufferers. The chain included Forty Fort at Kingston, Fort Augusta at Sunbury, to the north and east; and Fort Halifax, Fort Lowther at Carlisle, Forts Bingham, Granville, Mifflin, Littleton, Bedford, and Cumberland, to the south and west, which had been erected as a protection against the marauding bands of red men, instigated by the French authorities, who were seeking a foot-

hold in Pennsylvania. The long and dreadful sieges of fear, anxiety, famine, burning, and slaughter, taken together, constitute an unwritten history whose pages would have been stained with violence and blood; so it is well that they are buried beyond the hope of a resurrection.

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The Kittatinny Mountains! An all-day ramble over the rugged cliffs, breathing the exquisite air and quieting the nerves amid the aroma of the flowers, is a tonic of no mean order. We are all children of Nature, albeit some are not in love with her in her wildest moods. The Man of Nazareth is her great High Priest—her true interpreter. It follows then that we may do more than stand and admire. We may reverentially acknowledge the authority that wrought out her triumphant results. If Nature could not speak; if she did not give vent to her pent-up energies; if a hush like the grave were forever upon the hills or among the clouds, we should all have a touch of melancholy and be altogether disqualified to meet the stern things of which our life is made up. Wordsworth's brightest

gems are those in which Nature is involved. He is Nature's truest poet. To him every object in the external world was a poem and a picture. Wandering along the Wye, dipping into the suggestive pleasures of the Avon, or listening to the swish of the sea, the breath of a lofty sentiment was forever in his heart.

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There is that old river! It has been in sight the livelong day. How the sunbeams shimmer and dance upon the surface! Now the waves are driven by the wind and tossed. Hark! a splash of an oar; the lowing of the cattle on the distant bank; a thrumming of insects; the crowing of the cocks; a rustle among the trees; a chatter in the nests. The Connecticut was in sight when Thoreau fell to philosophizing in his hermit cabin. He got more out of Walden woods than those to the manor born ever dreamed of. He found out some of Nature's deepest secrets—the philosophy of her great unfoldings.

*

O, yes! Nature has her voice. We were scarcely seated at noon under a gnarled and twisted elm until we were notified that we were

an intruder. A raspy voice among the leaves overhead gave us to understand that the place had been preempted. But how did that ugly little midget of the tree-frog family know that we were there? And why should he make so bold as to break the solitude of the place? He was surely in a bad humor, and he was out of order, for was not his hour the one in which the shadows turn in with the twilight? Turning our glass upon him, and seeing he was "put up" for the purpose of screeching, we freely forgave him. But there was much sweeter music over in the orchard in that thrush's call for his mate, because that was a song of love.

*

But how helpless is the human understanding in the presence of the changes, mysteries, and destinies of the external world! We cannot rid ourselves of these influences, and yet we can scarcely interpret the lessons. Were these wild flowers in this out-of-the-way place made expressly for men rather than for women? Why are they so shy? Why do they bloom clear up in these rugged cliffs where no woman would dare climb? The wild vio-

let, the modest harebell, the columbine and gentian lie about in abundance. The hunters we met an hour ago were on the track of some wild game. The fishermen wade the streams and push through a wilderness of laurel and pines to get a chance to throw a ready line for the cautious trout. Who cares for this blending of tints, this fragrance exhaling from every petal of the flowers of the Almighty? Isn't it strange that no one should have a new joy in his heart because of this miraculous and almost hidden bloom of the mountains? This is not sentiment. The poets can well afford to brook ridicule if they, in catching the first stray notes of the springtime or those of the deepening summer, can interpret God's meaning. They get the nectar out of growing petals and from the rock of common things all unknown to passers-by.

TWO OLD MEN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

**The Mouth of the Swatara, Dauphin County, Pa.,** } **June.**

CANOEING alone on the Susquehanna is not deemed by many a popular pastime. It is an intellectual and physical pleasure that few people will allow themselves to enjoy. But the ride from the mouth of the Juniata to Steelton is so picturesque and varied that in no sense can it be said that one is alone. Duncannon, Dauphin, Rockville, Marysville, West Fairview, and New Cumberland, with their growing industries; Harrisburg, with its clustered spires and smokestacks, its busy

streets and elegant residences; God's great river, his great mountain ranges, his great undulating hills, his magnificent sky, all bespeak an elevated fellowship and call you to reverential feelings.

The old chap who wished to die during the summer time was not so far wrong in his election, because life is the thing we all wish to see and possess, and death is the thing we hate. The breath of life still lingers in the orchards and vineyards. Every shrub and bush is yet "afire of God." The sweet-scented currant, the willows, the evergreens all have a late as well as an early mission to us. They throb with energy. They deserve to be enshrined in the play of our physical pleasures. They will be only too glad to respond to any songs sung in their praise.

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A day is not lost that is devoted to sight-seeing at Steelton. The great Bessemer steel plant is located here, employing thousands of men and manufacturing hundreds of thousands of tons of steel rails for the railroads of the world. Intelligent action and skillful manipulation are required of each man,

and the contentment, thrift, and well-balanced judgment of these thousands of workmen must be attributed to the good sense and philanthropy of the corporation. As there has never been a "strike" in this great plant, in operation since 1865, there must be some underlying principle controlling affairs, some bright and generous thinking going on somewhere by somebody. The corporation seems to have a soul. This is manifest in many things, and in none less than is seen in the construction of a magnificent schoolhouse built of brick, in modern Renaissance style, one hundred and forty-eight feet long and eighty feet wide, which was presented free of debt to the town. It is built upon a spacious plot of ground. It is thoroughly fireproof, with wardrobes, play rooms, and exhibition hall; indeed, complete in all its appointments. Ninety-five per cent of the children of school age are in attendance. In all of these river towns the sentiment prevails that the public school system as it now exists must be maintained at all hazards. The memory of Thaddeus Stevens's leadership in their organization and the results produced through all these

years have wrought out a conviction which is in the blood and bones of the people, namely, that the enemy of the public schools is the enemy of the republic. The Stars and Stripes floating yonder from the staff at the school building on the bluff is the symbol of American liberties. The people of America sometimes nod and allow gigantic evils to breed discontent; but when the evil becomes too bold the whetted edge of the sword is not too keen a weapon to use in defense of the right. Let there be no modification of the common school system to suit the whims of the people who are not thoroughly Americanized; no State support to parochial schools; no mongrel system to be adopted by the State, one half as it now exists, the other half parochial, in which religion shall be taught before or after the school session; let the English language alone be the language of the public schools, and let the Bible never be driven out. These are the things we do not request; they are the things we *demand*.

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The model farms lying along the river between Steelton and Middletown, called the

"Young Farms," are fitting types of what is seen in these lower counties of Dauphin, Lebanon, Lancaster, York, and Berks. There is a noticeable absence of the great red barns for which Pennsylvania is famous, but the fine herds of cattle, magnificent crops, and the general air of thrift and tidiness put them at a great premium. One is reminded of the experiment of Bayard Taylor, that distinguished Pennsylvanian, in which he undertook to combine farming, literature, and the study of nature. "Cedar Croft" was to become his beau ideal of that combination. We all remember how the scheme would not carry, and how he confessed that he was soon surfeited with mills and millers, blacksmiths and horseshoeing, with threshing machines and grain drills, with hydraulic rams and tree planting. He soon gave up the chase for pleasure after this fashion. It is even so. To breathe the pure atmosphere of enjoyment you must free yourself of personal anxiety and plunge into the secrets and solitude of the mountain fastnesses, of lake, of river, of valley, and of plain. You must go where the mosses are luxuriant, where the shadows flit by in ever-varying

shapes, where the stream creeps lazily over the rocks, and where the squirrel cracks his acorns. This is what gives one an appetite for the dinner table, helps him to throw off business cares, and sweetens his daily cup. It is then that the best and bravest things come to the front and the mysteries of life cease to fret and chafe the most sensitive natures.

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There is a smack of romance as well as rhythm about the names of the hills and streams and mountains of this part of the State which is peculiarly agreeable to Pennsylvanians, wherever they may live. In the dugouts on the prairie, the cottages of the South, and even beyond the sea, Conewago, Conewingo, Conodoguinet, Conestoga, Catoctin, Codorus, Yellow Breeches, Wiconisco, Mahantango, Swatara, Kittatinny, etc., are household words. They link God's works with that dim and uncertain past which has such a charm for those who believe in the common brotherhood of men of every race.

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It is altogether probable that William Penn, whose first visit to Pennsylvania was between

A. D. 1682–1685, never ascended the river of his great "Forest Country" farther than the mouth of Swatara Creek, at Middletown. He found only the slightest remnant of the original Susquehannocks. These, the original people as far as we can trace, had all disappeared except a few Conestogas. They were certainly located all along the Susquehanna before A. D. 1600, and could put thirteen hundred warriors in the field at any time, trained to the use of firearms, which had been furnished them probably by the Swedes of Delaware. Captain John Smith's expedition up the Susquehanna in 1608 found them at war with the Mohawks. In 1633 they fought the Algonquins along the Atlantic seaboard. Their most noted war chief was Barefoot (Hochetageti). The governor of Maryland denounced them as "public enemies." Even the Five Nations, with the aid of the French, could do but little with them. Their numbers were greatly reduced by pestilence and war, and in 1675 they were overthrown, a remnant fleeing to western Maryland and Virginia, where their chiefs were put to death. A border war of violence was carried forward until they were almost

destroyed. The Conestogas, a remnant of them, returned to Lancaster County. They were friendly and peaceable. One of their leading kings was Shanazan, and the council fire was below the mouth of the Conestoga Creek.

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A French writer has said that the contracts made by William Penn with the Indians in the New World were the only ones in the annals of time that were not sworn to and not broken. This is altogether too strong language, but it is an admirable compliment to our Quaker father. The Susquehanna lands came into possession of the Five Nations about the time of his first visit to America. When the "woods," lying between the Lehigh and Delaware rivers, was sold to him it was called "The Walking Purchase." One man complained that, although the contract included all the lands bounded by the "walk of a day and a half," the fellows who did the walking had *too long legs*. Some said they ran part of the way and that they stuck to the river paths too much. But the majority of the leaders said that it was all fair, and that this

copper-colored crank was an unruly fellow, was always giving them trouble, and ought to be driven back into the woods to Shohomokin (Sunbury) or else to Wyoming. So the race of cranks antedates our day.

The year 1714 was a marked era in the history of the Indian tribes of central Pennsylvania. It was the adoption of the Tuscaroras into the Five Nations, consisting of the Oneidas, Mohawks, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, thus making the Six Nations. The Shawnees were the gypsies of the country. They had been driven out of the Carolinas, and the sachems of the Six Nations granted them a foothold in the Cumberland valley. Afterward they were allowed to come northward, and large numbers of them squatted on the flats near Wilkesbarre and called their group of lodges Waijomic.

**Harrisburg, Dauphin County, Pa.,** } **June.**

THE Knights of the Quill have long since quit poking fun at Harrisburgers for living in "Sleepy Hollow." It has sloughed off its swaddling clothes. Steam, electricity, and capital have given it the air of an inland city. It lies here upon the great highways to the South and North, the West and East, and has a population of forty thousand.

From the dome of the Capitol the view is enchanting. Yonder against the horizon are the Catoctin hills. The Susquehanna breaks through the gap on its way to the sea; the great Pennsylvania Railroad system is flushed with life; the sun kisses the Cumberland valley; the streets are busy; and the legislative clans are gathering, as it is high noon. There is something commanding about being the head political center of a great commonwealth like Pennsylvania. The original citizens who remain are very proud of the place. But it did not slide easily into its fortunes. Philadelphia was the capital of the State for many

IN THE CAPITOL GROUNDS AT HARRISBURG, PA.

years, and would not object to a change at this late day, but the geographical position that Harrisburg holds will make it the capital during the life of the republic.

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It is now two hundred years since Lieutenant Governor John Evans of the province of Pennsylvania came here with a squad of men to search for some rascally trader who was making trouble among the red men. This is said to be the first written statement concerning this locality. The Turkeys and Turtles were in possession, with a chief at their head by the name of Assumpinks. The elder John Harris, who came to America with Mr. Penn, was induced to come into this "up-river country" in 1705 and carry on a trade with the Indians in furs, trinkets, and whisky. He was the son of an English brewer. He found here an Indian village called Peixtang; also two others on the opposite shore of the Susquehanna, one at the mouth of Yellow Breeches Creek, and the other at the mouth of the Conodoguinet. Mr. Harris's license, which allowed him to "seat his business on the Susquehanna," made the Indians very "uneasie."

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The story of the attempted burning of Mr. Harris by a band of drunken Shawnee Indians is quite well authenticated. They lived on the north branch of the Susquehanna, and had been on a fishing expedition at Conewago Falls. On their return they demanded rum. When he refused to give it he was caught and tied to an old mulberry tree on the banks of the river, the faggots piled about him, and while the dance of death was going on he was rescued by a body of friendly Indians from across the river, who had been notified by Hercules, an able-bodied slave owned by Mr. Harris. For this exploit Hercules got his freedom in 1718, and was perhaps the first slave freed on American soil. Mr. Harris was buried where the tragedy was to have occurred, and the stump with its peculiar history was preserved as a memento of the occasion until its destruction in the Susquehanna flood in 1889.

*

John Harris, Jr., is the real founder of Harrisburg. He was a military storekeeper, and had much correspondence with the State

officials, which is interesting reading to-day. It is said that when a babe his godly mother carried him from Harrisburg to Philadelphia to have him baptized. Mr. Harris constructed his "ferry" across the river in 1753, and laid out the town in 1784. He predicted that the town would become a great commercial center, and donated to the State part of the "Hill" where the Capitol buildings stand, and induced his son-in-law, a Mr. McClay, to sell at a nominal figure the remaining necessary ground. One of the supreme judges determined to have the town called Louisburg, and succeeded in having an act of Assembly passed to have it so. He held that if the county be called Dauphin in honor of the French king, the town should be called Louis for the king's son. The English blood began to tingle in the veins of Mr. Harris, and with much show of anger he declared that no name but Harrisburg should appear in any deed that would come from his pen. The Englishman won the day.

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The Federal Congress at its session in New York city, A. D. 1789, discussed seri-

ously the subject of making Harrisburg the seat of the United States Government. The members from the Southern States demurred with much bad blood. At one time it seemed as if the question might end in the withdrawal of the South from the Union. It is said that only the mollifying words of Mr. Washington and Mr. Jefferson brought about a compromise and fixed it at the District of Columbia.

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The fixing of the seat of the State government was an equally violent measure. Philadelphia refused to listen to the clamor of the western counties for removal. Carlisle, the seat of Dickinson College, pressed its claims, and succeeded in getting a resolution through the House of Representatives fixing that place as the capital. Reading and Northumberland were formidable rivals of Harrisburg, the latter coming off first best by a single vote.

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What extremely modest Capitol buildings are these for so great a State! If Mr. Penn had been the architect they would not have been plainer. But there is a substantial and commanding appearance about them that

makes them "fill the bill" for practical purposes. The main building is one hundred and eighty feet front, eighty feet deep, and several stories high. The six Ionic columns in front are made of red sandstone and painted white. The Senate Chamber, as well as that of the House, is somewhat cramped and ill-ventilated. The new buildings now in process of erection have the modern stamp upon them, and promise great utility. Capitol Park should have extended to the river front, as was the original intention. Had the low ground fronting the Capitol—"McClay's Dense Swamp, almost impenetrable to dogs"—anything to do with the failure? Or were prices too high?

A few bronze statues of distinguished Pennsylvanians need to be erected amid this wealth of beauty in shrubbery and trees. It is now seventy-five years since the corner stone of the Capitol building was laid, when Dr. Mason, President of Dickinson College, was the orator of the day.

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What means this great array of blood-stained battle flags so carefully guarded by

an old soldier? Do they tell the story of a fratricidal war? Weather-stained and blood-stained they are indeed, and fully charged with holy memories. Stalwart men with great patriotic hearts and philanthropic purposes died within sight of these colors. Gettysburg and the Rapidan, Chancellorsville and Chickamauga, are mentioned with bated breath, because our sons and brothers went down into the jaws of death, and too few of them came back to tell the story of blood and tears.

**Camp on the Conodoguinet, Cumberland County, Pa.,** } **June.**

THAT was a great travesty upon justice and common sense that I witnessed today in the Legislature of Pennsylvania. It was a discussion of lightening taxes so as to relieve the farmers. Every speech glossed over that prolific source of oppression—the sale of alcoholic spirits, with its consequent evils in crime and poverty. One made bold enough to apologize for that trade in saying that absurd thing, that the State could not maintain a revenue sufficient for all purposes if it were not for license money. These servants of the people have become the rulers. Instead of allowing the matter of the barter and sale of rum to be optional with the people of any given neighborhood, and to say so by vote, they hedge up the way by saying that it would be special legislation, which the constitution forbids. Indeed, these men compel the courts first to open doors of infamy and then to arraign and condemn the culprits who have been maddened at the public

bars. The idea of removing the main cause of the evil so that the effects might be swept away at once does not seem to enter their partisan brains. The time for taking wild game is rigidly fixed; the time for angling for trout and bass rigidly fixed; the premiums for scalping destructive animals raised and lowered; the tax on wool carefully guarded—but the boys who are soon to become voters and lawmakers are committed to the tender mercies of saloon men. Indeed, it would seem that the patience of Christian people would soon be exhausted in submitting to the saloon business, through which men spend their money, so that when sickness and poverty overtake them Christian people must make provision for their support. The first white citizen of Harrisburg was the son of a brewer. Are we to understand that he was the "prophet of evil" whose succession is never to come to an end?

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What eminent men have been temporary residents or guests of this honored city! An old citizen repeated in my hearing to-day the toast of General Lafayette at a dinner

tendered him: "The State of Pennsylvania—First founded upon the basis of justice and philanthropy, now governed by universal suffrage on the unalloyed principle of equal rights. May it long preserve these dignified and fruitful blessings!"

The great evangelist, George Whitefield, on his tour from the South to New England, spent some time here in the year 1740, electrifying and captivating wonderful audiences, the people coming as they did for many miles. The revival that swept over the town was remarkable for its intense spirituality and beneficent results.

Charles Dickens refers in one of his volumes to having spent some hours in Harrisburg, noted for the picturesqueness of its scenery and the philanthropic spirit of its citizens. His stage ride from York and thence by packet to Pittsburg is a well-known story.

The names of illustrious statesmen, artists, and poets grace the registry of the city's hospitality, and are preserved as heirlooms in the memory of many of the old people—Ben Franklin, always a welcome guest; Thaddeus

Stevens, the great commoner and father of the common school system of this State; General Washington, the ideal American; Prince De Joinville, son of Louis Philippe of France; U. S. Grant, Matthew Simpson, with nameless others whose lives were distinguished for services upon the field of letters or the field of battle.

That celebrated night flight of Mr. Lincoln to Washington prior to his inauguration was executed from Harrisburg, by which a possible tragedy was prevented, as the conspiracy to assassinate him was said to have been conceived and arrangements made to be carried out in the city of Baltimore.

*

The Executive Chamber is adorned with life-size portraits in oil of many members of the Proprietary Government, 1681–1776; presidents of the Supreme Executive Council, 1777–1790; and governors, 1790–1894. Here are the Penns—admirable men—whose golden words go ringing around the globe like the sweet tones of the Old Liberty Bell when it proclaimed the decrees of the Convention; Thomas Mifflin, first governor, ex-

pelled from the Society of Friends for taking up arms; Thomas McKean, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; Findlay, Hiester, Wolfe, and Ritner; the eloquent William F. Johnston; Francis R. Shunk, the honest Dutchman; the great war governor, Andrew G. Curtin; the patriotic James A. Beaver, and the philanthropic Robert E. Pattison. The counties washed by the Susquehanna in furnishing their quotas boast of Simon Snyder, of Selin's Grove; James Pollock, William F. Packer, and William Bigler, from the West Branch region, and Henry M. Hoyt, from Wilkesbarre.

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The Forestry Commission of the State has a standing "object lesson" here in Capitol Park for the citizens of the Commonwealth in the large number and varied character of the trees which are planted within the inclosure. There are possibly five hundred, with sixty distinct varieties. The red ash, white ash, and English ash are in large numbers. The buttonwood, sycamore, Indian bean, linden, basswood, Norway spruce, white

poplar, Ohio buckeye, horse-chestnut, sugar maple, Norway maple, slippery elm, white elm, silver maple, and common locust abound. "Arbor Day," which has been popularized lately, will develop in the State a love for tree planting, practiced by the men who in the earlier times indulged also in the innocent pastime of watching the affairs of the people from the "Hill."

*

The boast that this city is still American seems to be well founded, as is manifest in the observance of the holy Sabbath. In spite of the fact that some lines of travel are open that day, the religious element is in the ascendency, church-going is a habit, and great reverence is paid to the Lord's Day by business men of all shades of thought. The hardy old Scotch notion of the day, planted here in ante-revolutionary times, has not vanished. The old "Derry Meetinghouse," located a few miles from the city, built certainly before 1730, was a rallying point for many years of the men who believed that the perpetuity of the nation depended upon the manner in which the great God and his

day were regarded. It stood as a memorial of this idea until lately. The quaint architecture, hallowed memories, and distinguished leadership made it a shrine and a stone of help to all lovers of good government at home and in the nation.

NORTH AND WEST BRANCHES OF THE
SUSQUEHANNA AT NORTHUMBERLAND, PA.

**The Shikellimy House,**
**Union County, Pa.,** } **June.**

"BLUE HILL," at the junction of the North and West Branches of the river, is a precipitous bluff on the west bank of the latter stream, and from the spacious verandas of the Shikellimy House, which grace its crest, the prospect is enchanting. The field glass brings into ready vision first of all the "Montour Ridge," then the Shamokin Hills, then the North Branch River winding lazily along through the valley, and the beautiful iron city of Danville in the background. These

are all to the northeast. Due north are the rich river-bottom farms, the pride of Pennsylvanians all around the globe. The great red barns are not now absent. The shocks of corn are not now in the fields, nor are the plowmen turning over the furrows. The sun floods the scarlet maples until they make you think of the bush at Horeb. The aster and the golden-rod are not in bloom. Nature is still at work, but when the black frosts come they will play mischief with the scene. To the south the celebrated Packer's Island, with its model farm; the ambitious town of Sunbury, and the "crooked river," a silver cord, connecting your thoughts with the sea; and at your feet, across the stream, the historic village of Northumberland.

*

Love has its revenges! Old John Mason, a queer chap who had been jilted by a Philadelphia girl, came to this hill and forest and built for himself a hermitage before the dawn of the present century. He walked the entire distance. Amid these primordial rocks and in the solitude of these woods he wished to spend the remnant of his life. He built a

second house overhanging the cliffs at a very abrupt and dangerous angle—a kind of leaning tower of Pisa—and which became in after years a very popular resort. From this quaint outlook he made his daily observations. That little love quarrel! Was it cut short by the skeptical tendencies of the old bachelor? or was it the enrapturing presence and attractions of the other fellow? Whatever may have been the cause of the "break," the compensations were deemed sufficient in this fellowship of the external world. When the clock of time made for him the eightieth stroke he was buried under the trees in this his "My Lady's Manor."

*

A combination of events at once singular and apparently accidental gives a town prominence and renders it forever historic. Such is Northumberland. The coming of Dr. Joseph Priestley—chemist, philosopher, theologian, historian, politician—to this place has made Northumberland a household word in the homes of scientific men throughout the world. It is the old story: poverty, orphanhood, fighting for health, but climbing up into

eminent success in authorship and discovery. The scholars still read his *Electricity*, his *Matter and Spirit*, his *Vision of Lights and Colors*. The chemists of the Old World long ago embalmed his great deed, the discovery of oxygen, and congregated here in convention in his honor in 1883. The old story of his coming, his personal losses, his motives, his eccentricities of belief, and the enthusiastic reception accorded him by the people were the themes for table talk in our boyhood home. Mr. Priestley's old-fashioned telescope, as well as his microscope, are heirlooms at Dickinson College. The old church where he worshiped is in decay, and the cows of the village go browsing among the tombs of his generation.

*

Thirty minutes upon the bicycle brings you to the "Old Vincent Mansion," the early home of one of the commanding spirits of modern times — Bishop John H. Vincent. Heredity may have credit with somewhat of Mr. Vincent's enthusiastic devotion to youth, as his father was a wise and discriminating reader of classical literature, capable in all Bible

lines, and especially a pleader for Christian culture; but the son has pushed far past the father and touched the scepter of a dominating influence in society. He is known in all lands as the sagacious organizer of proud educational systems, and keeps in daily touch with the needs of humanity at home or abroad.

*

A slight change of the field glass reveals the outlines of a grave in yonder village of Sunbury that awakens a thousand holy memories. It is the grave of George Follmer, one of nature's noblemen; and the chronicles of the Susquehanna would be altogether incomplete without the mention of his name. His boyhood was stern, tough, and unhappy; but in after years he became an intense student of truth and a valiant defender of business integrity and honest living. The great essentials of literature were coals of fire in his brain, which in turn could create a flame in others or put out the little candle of error in the foes of truth. In love with the external world, his excursions on the lake, formed by the junction of the two rivers, became a daily exhilaration. Nothing was so delightful to

him as the crested hilltops, the mists hanging about them, the great rugged cliffs, the fugitive shadows lingering in the waters, the flying clouds, the early stars, the harvest moon. Victor Hugo asks whether the grave is a *cul-de-sac*. He answers his own question by saying "that it surely is not; but rather the sublime prolongation of life, and not its dreary finish."

*

There are some other prominent names associated with this region that may not go unmentioned. They are Conrad Weiser, the German interpreter for the government in old Indian times, Shikellimy, the Iroquois chief, and his distinguished son, Logan. There were three villages located at the forks of the Susquehanna, one on Packer's Island, one near where Northumberland stands, and the third on the present site of Sunbury. This triangular village was called Shohomokin, and was deemed quite an important point by the provincial government. Governor Patrick Gordon prevailed upon Shikellimy, who was at the head of some warriors at the north, to come to Shohomokin to act as a daysman

between some subjugated tribes and the government. He first located twenty miles up the West Branch, and subsequently moved here. He had many noble characteristics. He was sober, prudent, and circumspect, a man of peace. He was kind, thoughtful, and of a playful disposition. He accepted Christianity under Bishop Von Watteville, of the Moravian Mission Band, and after serving the government well was honored with a Christian burial.

Logan, whose name appears frequently in the annals of Pennsylvania, and whose speech in behalf of his countrymen was complimented by Thomas Jefferson, lived at the mouth of the Chillisquaque Creek (frozen duck); thence he moved to the Tuscarora Mountains, and thence to the Ohio valley. His sense of right and of justice was said to have been strongly developed in his earlier and middle life, but, becoming seriously involved in difficulties of a national character, and falling into bad habits, he met a violent end.

Packer's Island,
Northumberland County, Pa., } June.

THE monotony of my afternoon to-day was broken by a ride in a skiff with some bright boys around Packer's Island. The boys were bristling with all manner of hard questions about the early history of this region. They found many arrowheads, crowfeet, and some crockery at the head of the island, and knowing that this was the seat of an Indian village they became deeply interested.

"I should like to know," said Olin Houck, "where all these copper-colored fellows came from, anyhow, and how they got down here?"

"Well, everybody wonders, but nobody can tell exactly where they did come from. The most reliable historians say they came from the West by way of the great Northern lakes, but how they got into America is a puzzle."

"Did I understand you to say that the whole western part of the United States was alive with them?"

"They seemed to occupy almost all the country. We read about the Dakotas, the

Shoshones, the Klamaths, and Californias in the extreme West, and of the Comanches, Mobilians, Cherokees, and others in the South."

"Those are all familiar names," said Olin, "and I suppose Susquehanna, Chillisquaque, Kishacoquillas, Chautauqua, and so on, got their names from these fellows?"

"Exactly."

"Well," said Fred Fisher, "they never built any towns or cities, and just roamed about here and there, so that it would be hard to say just where they were located."

"That is true only in part. Certain sections were regarded as belonging to certain tribes, and the boundary lines were by some river or mountain range."

Charles Vastine, who was listening intently, said, "Well, I never could get the exact story fixed in my mind about the people who lived in Pennsylvania and New York, and especially along the Susquehanna."

"The Algonquins roamed over a vast territory included now in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, the southern part of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and on to Ohio and Illinois. The

Huron Iroquois lived about the Northern lakes—Huron, Erie, Ontario, etc. If you take the map of the United States and fix your eye upon the western boundary of Vermont, run it along the great lakes of Erie and Ontario, thence to the valley of the Ohio, south into Virginia, and, finally, northeast to Lake Champlain, you will describe the lands which our dusky friends called 'The Long House.' It was more than a thousand miles in length, and but one third of that in width, and was shaped something like a huge canoe. They might have named it very appropriately 'The Long, Narrow House.'"

"It must have been a very elegant place to live in," said Olin, "although I should like to have something better to live in than one of those old smoky wigwams."

"Yes. The people who live there to-day think that nothing could be more delightful than some of its rich valleys, changing landscapes, and healthful climate."

"It seems to me," said Olin, "that the red men themselves ought to have had some notion of where they came from, did they not?"

"Yes, particularly the Iroquois."

"Who were the Iroquois, pray tell?"

"The Iroquois consisted of the following tribes: the Mohawks, who lived about the Hudson, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Senecas, and the Cayugas, all of central New York. They were called the Five Nations."

"What was their notion?" said Charles.

"I was about to say that the Iroquois used to tell their children some very queer stories about it. They said that Manitou, the Creator, raised A-kan-ish-iou-egy out of the waters, who said, 'I will now make some red men.' He then took five handfuls of red seeds like the eggs of flies, and scattered them about the fertile fields of Onondaga (Syracuse, N. Y.). Little worms came out of these, and spirits came into them. After a good while these worms got little arms and feet, and after nine moons out came bright-eyed boys and girls. Manitou then kissed them, covered them over with clouds, and nourished them with milk from the ends of his fingers. For nine summers he nursed them tenderly. For nine summers more he taught them eagerly. Then he called them all together and said: 'Ye are

five, yet one. Beasts and birds and fishes ye shall have in common. Live in peace, and ye shall have power to increase.' After all this he wrapped himself in one of the bright clouds of heaven and flew to the sun as swift as an arrow from the bow. *Now* the Five Nations had the power and the right to live. But before leaving Manitou gave them each a secret blessing. One of these families he called A-quon-osh-on-ior, or Onondagas. He said that because they were so very wise and just and eloquent they should be the head. He went on to say that they should have an abundance of squashes, grapes, and tobacco; that they should live on the top of a hill, as that was the meaning of their name.

"This was the way the Onondagas selected the central rooms of this great 'Narrow House' in central New York. It was a pleasant and fruitful country and very much admired. In the middle of this central room they kindled a great 'Council Fire' and called it Onondaga. The beautiful city of Syracuse, N. Y., is built upon that spot. Alongside of that fire flowed the gentle Zinochsaa. Garangula was made the sachem (civil chief) of the

people, and to him they all agreed to look for advice and consolation. And now said they, 'Our brothers shall come from the sun rising, the sun standing, and the sun setting and talk matters over with us, and we will always be good friends.'

"Three hundred and fifty of them agreed to stand guard and be ready for any service. These they called the 'painted warriors.'"

"How cute that story is," cried a bevy of girls who had joined our party. "A regular fairy story! Perhaps Baron Münchausen traveled among the Indians. But did Manitou give no secret to the other tribes of the Iroquois?"

"O, yes! And the women kept repeating them so often that everybody believed them to be true. Manitou called the second great family the Mohawks — the oldest brother — and said their name meant 'the fire-striking race.' Because their young men were so brave they were promised plenty of corn for food, and that one of their number should become the great war chief of the Five Nations, and should use guns. He should muster three hundred able-bodied fellows for

battle. This family were to live on the borders of the rising sun, and were to open wide the door of the 'Long, Narrow House' so that the sun might shine in upon their beds.

"Manitou spoke softly also to the Oneidas, or 'Stone Pipe Makers.' They were to live between the Mohawks and the Onondagas. They were to be called the oldest son, and were to be patient in pain and hunger, and if they were so they should never be without either nuts or the fruit of trees. Two hundred were to be chosen as soldiers."

"Well! well!" cried all the boys, "it must have been real interesting to have listened to those stories, even if the wigwams did smoke a little. Perhaps some of the evenings were spent in that way after the chase. But please tell us about the other secrets."

"The Senecas came next, and Manitou called them the next youngest son. Being by far the most numerous and powerful they, by common consent, occupied the apartments in the far west of the 'House.' They were set with their ten hundred warriors to guard the gate where the sun went down. Quick-witted, industrious, and persevering, the Great Spirit

was to honor them with great white beans at every meal and give them a special chance in the great hereafter.

"Lastly came the Cayugas. Because they were friendly and strong and generous Manitou gave to them the grand hunting grounds stretching from the Northern lakes down through the rich valleys watered by the long-winding Susquehanna even to Shohomokin, where we now are. Three hundred and fifty warriors pledged themselves that the white man should not encroach upon their lands from the South, and that the smoke of their camp fires should always be seen even to the extremity of their borders.

"We have said this 'Long, Narrow House,' was a lovely home. As it is getting late we have only time to describe it. There were beautiful vales, nameless tracts of woodland, magnificent waterfalls, splendid lakes of fresh water, great reaches of rolling lands as fruitful as gardens, and every hilltop filled with wild flowers and vines. In the forests roamed at will the bear, the deer, the panther, the fox, the wolf, and all manner of palatable game. The streams were filled with salmon, pike,

trout, perch, shad, herring, and other varieties of fish, while along the banks the otter and beaver played or toiled. Overhead many-colored birds, seeking at intervals their Northern and Southern homes, made the air vocal with their songs. According to their notion Manitou had been very kind to them in constructing great stairways—the 'Alleghanies,' the 'Blue Mountains,' the 'Bald Eagle,' and 'White Deer' mountains and the Kittatinny, Catoctin, and Monsey hills. Upon these lofty heights the wild sons of nature climbed up almost to the clouds, and catching sight of the far-off lands which they could neither touch nor paint—the everlasting hunting grounds —they spake sometimes one to another of the wisdom, power, and glory of the Great Spirit.

"The roof of their 'Long, Narrow House' was the same blue heavens that you see above you to-day. The sunbeams darted into every nook, the moonbeams sat quietly on hill and dale or river and plain, while the stars, like golden eyes, looked out from the inside of heaven to see whatever was to be seen. Seven thousand red men lay down each night upon the grassy earth, wrapping about them their

warm blankets, to sleep away the long hours of the night. On the morrow, like the people who live here to-day, they started out to get their bread and meat.

"And now, boys and girls, if you call yourselves the Iroquois Club, and will meet me to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock at my rooms in the Shikellimy House, I will tell you more about the Susquehanna and its early people."

"Agreed! agreed!" came as a unanimous verdict.

**Camp Fort Augusta, Sunbury, Pa., June.**

THE Iroquois Club was true to its engagement of yesterday, and the spacious parlors of the Shikellimy House were put at our service. The young president took the chair, for, as we learned in the meantime, an organization had been effected. The secretary called the roll, with all the members present. A resolution was offered by Olin Houck that the talk this afternoon should be in the nature of an address, without any interruptions from the members of the club. The proposition was agreed to, and by request we spoke as follows on "Etchings of Indian Life:"

MY YOUNG FRIENDS: It gives me pleasure to make you familiar with the Susquehanna valley, both of the North and West Branches. My first subject will be "Shikellimy, the Iroquois Chief." An Indian boyhood two hundred years ago must have been a very exciting thing. It certainly could have had but few touches of melancholy in it. Think of it, a

life in the depths of the great American forests two hundred years ago? Why, New York and Philadelphia and Boston were only villages! The Middle States and the great West were vast tracts of unpeopled wildernesses. And as for the rich fields from which millions of bushels of grain are raised to feed the people; or the great mines out of which we get our coal and gold; or railroads, telegraphs, telephones, etc., they were not to be once mentioned. Far up in the region of lakes Ontario and Erie lived an Oneida warrior and his squaw. To their wigwam one night came a chubby-faced, tan-colored, black-eyed little fellow whom they called Shikellimy. The old medicine man seemed much delighted the first time he got his eyes upon him, and said loud enough to be heard by the whole family: "Big Injun some day; big Injun!" The bear feast and the dance next evening lasted a long time, for the camp fires were smoking yet when the sun shone in from the land of the Mohawks.

It was the month when the bucks were casting their antlers (December), and the wild winds came out fiercely. The kindling embers swept among the leaves and the neighboring

forests were soon on fire and burned for many days in the direction of the Onondagas. This was a bad omen for the newborn babe, and was the source of much superstitious fear.

Some Jesuit fathers—Joliet, Allouez, and Marquette—were visiting at this time the barefooted Hurons, a tribe of Indians northward, now known as the Canadas. These bachelor young men, in order to win the Hurons to their faith, were, like them, living upon roots and wild game. They waded the streams, they slept upon the rocks, they endured the frosts and storms. By everything that was good they determined not to yield until they had taught these children of the woods how to count the beads in prayer and say the "Ave Marias," how to cut the cross of the Saviour upon the giant trees of the forest,

> "And in the darkling wood
> Amid the cool and silence,
> To kneel down and offer to the Mightiest
> Solemn thanks and supplications."

Sangamon was dispatched at once for the priests of the new religion. He carried with

him some skins and wampum (money) as a present, and was mighty in his appeals.

One of the Jesuits agreed to go with him, as it might be the means of opening up a fresh field in their Christian work. He refused, however, to receive any presents. The journey was tedious and beset with much embarrassment. At nightfall of the third day the missionary and his guide reached the place.

The superstitious fears which had been excited were not subdued until the Indian boy had been sprinkled with water and incense was burned in the presence of the women.

Time passed on. Shikellimy grew bigger. As he looked about upon the odd things in his father's wigwam he busied himself with flints, arrowheads, hatchets, beads, bows, and arrows. He soon began to make his own bows and arrows, and showed signs of great skill in that direction. He was quite a leader among the Oneida boys. He painted their faces in all manner of colors, filled their caps with feathers from the eagle, shot at marks, danced about the fires, and tried to catch the tones of the shrillest war whoop. Later on he

paddled the canoe, brought home wild ducks and fish, joined in the excitement of the chase, and sat around the camp fires listening with breathless interest to the tales of the long ago. He often went to see the great waters as they swept down over the precipices at Niagara and seethed and foamed and tossed so grandly among the jagged rocks below. He climbed down the rugged sides of the hill, looked with childish wonder at the "Cave of the Winds," and then walked leisurely about where the "Three Sisters" and the "Bridal Veil" lie in golden beauty. And now you are wondering, perhaps, what name he gave to the "Horseshoe Falls."

But childhood, whether sad or gay, soon passes, and so with the escape of the years Shikellimy became a young man. As love is all the same among whites, Indians, Chinese, Malays, or Negroes, we find him marrying a coy maiden of his own tribe and age and going off to set up housekeeping for himself.

After the death of his father Shikellimy was elected to the headship of his own tribe, and was duly installed with great ceremonies. He

soon showed himself a master in settling disputes, directing in business affairs, and negotiating with the whites, who were gradually pressing in from the seaboard.

In the meantime that good old broadbrim, Miquon (William Penn), had organized his colony called Pennsylvania, with headquarters at Brotherly Love (Philadelphia). On September 3, 1700, he bought the right and title to the lands on the Susquehanna, but permitted the Indians to remain unmolested. The forks of the Susquehanna here soon became an important place. As you know, it was called Shohomokin, and was perhaps the southernmost outpost of the Iroquois. The Tuscaroras, a tribe which had been driven out of North Carolina, and the Shawnees were largely in possession of the country. Other subtribes, as the Unami, Monseys, and Wun-al-ach-ti-kos were at times residents here.

Governor Patrick Gordon, of Pennsylvania, in 1714, seeing the importance of the place, and knowing that naturally it might become the seat of bloody encounters, induced Shikellimy to come to Shohomokin and preside

over the tribes along the river. He was to hold the balance of power between the Five Nations and the provincial government. Shikellimy consented to come. He proceeded cautiously at first, and for some reason located fifteen miles above Shohomokin, on the West Branch of the Susquehanna. He afterward moved here.

Governor Gordon also appointed Conrad Weiser Indian agent and interpreter, who at once joined Shikellimy in the great work of maintaining peace.

This is perhaps the key by which to unlock the mystery that the fields of Pennsylvania were so comparatively free from bloody massacres in the early times.

Shikellimy's family consisted of Tag-he-negh-dou-rus, or the "Spreading Oak," a daughter who married Cajadus; Logan, the celebrated Indian orator whom Thomas Jefferson complimented so highly; and John Petty, named for a white trader who lived in the vicinity.

Shikellimy had many excellent traits of character. There was a dignity about him which attracted everybody. His keen black

eyes flashed fire at the lowbred deeds of many of his fellows. Merry and playful in disposition, the very boys and girls voted him a success. He was a sober man, shutting himself up in his house for hours to get rid of the noisy talk of such as would be on a drunken spree. He said he wanted to build his house upon pillars for safety, and did not wish to become a fool. In this he must have taken the advice of Father Miquon, who always held that "drunkenness unmans men." Prudent and circumspect, he won the confidence of the government, and the colonial records often speak of him, and always with favor. When one of his children died and he was sick himself the authorities condoled with him and sent him some presents. When his whole family was down with the fever and ague and he had just buried three out of his house and none were left to hoe the corn, the government came promptly to his relief.

The Moravian missionaries, who had a flourishing mission station at Shohomokin, speak of Shikellimy as the soul of honor. When Bishop Von Watteville preached to him in his own house the Lord opened his

heart and he received the truth. He heard the story of Jesus and the resurrection with great delight, and with earnestness he brought out an idol and broke it up in the presence of the preachers and professed faith in Christ. From this time he became a Christian, and did much good.

His visits to Onondaga, Brotherly Love, and Bethlehem were all in the interest of peace. It was a difficult task to subdue the bloodthirsty dispositions of his people, led on by the fire water (whisky) of the trader, to adjust the misunderstanding as to boundary lines, and to quell the dare-devil spirit of the worst men of the tribes. But no massacres are recorded in central Pennsylvania until after his death. Bloodshed there was, but no serious murderous outbreaks.

It was in the winter of 1748 that Shikellimy was attacked by a disease which proved fatal. After a return from Bethlehem, being more thoroughly instructed in the Gospel, his life took on a high form of submission and faith, and on December 17 he died in the hope of a good future.

The Moravian missionaries, Zeisberger and Fry, attended him in his illness, made him a coffin, decked him with ornaments, and prepared him for burial.

When the news reached the village, in every wigwam they repeated: "I hear sobbing and sighing in yonder direction."

The Monseys sent an embassy, saying: "Bury the dead and cover the grave with bark, that neither dew nor rain from heaven may fall upon it. Wipe off the tears from your eyes and take all sorrow out of your heart. We now put your heart in good order and make you cheerful."

Upon yonder quiet bank of the Susquehanna a company of the old women dug his grave. They chanted his virtues and wept for his sufferings. They gathered his arms and effects and stacked them about his dead body. After addresses by the missionaries they put the empty coffin in the grave and then let down his body into the coffin; laid upon it a tinder box, knife, kettle, hatchet, bows, and arrows, and at sunset filled up the grave amid the laments of the villagers.

"And o'er his arms and o'er his bones
They raised a simple pile of stones
Which, hallowed by their tears and moans,
Was all the Indian's monument.

"And since the chieftain here has slept,
Full many a winter's winds have swept
And many an age has softly crept
Over his humble sepulcher."

The boys and girls composing the club, after getting this taste of the olden times, requested that to-morrow's hour be spent in giving some account of the "Moravian Heroes of Shohomokin," to which I consented.

**Shikellimy House,**
**Union County, Pa.,** } **June.**

AS the Iroquois Club consists of seven persons—three boys and four girls—and as information gotten at secondhand seems sometimes insipid when compared with that which we search out for ourselves, the subjects I gave out yesterday were returned this afternoon as essays, and, after some corrections, were read. In opening the lyceum hour one of the girls read an original poem on "The Susquehanna," after which, with some songs interspersed, we proceeded with the readings. The first paper was read by Edith Allen on

THE MORAL CONDITION OF THE SUSQUEHANNA INDIANS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The men who lived in the American forests two hundred years ago were not altogether cruel and destitute of humane feelings. There was much of nobility, generosity, and kindness bound up in their natures. The Iroquois showed a magnanimous spirit to the

white men, and in the conduct of their home government seemed determined to transmit to their children the same dispositions.

In selecting a chief to preside over the tribe they wanted not only a good marksman, but one who was generous with his game after he had taken it. He was not only to be kind to his own people, but to be thoughtful in entertaining strangers. He was to keep good order, decide quarrels, guard the door of peace, and look after the interest of the young. When installed as chief it was not infrequent that he addressed the youth, the aged, the women, and finally himself, setting forth the duties of each. All this was done in a very rude way indeed; but it is easy to see how the germs of kindness, honesty, and right doing were lying in the heart and wanted to manifest themselves.

But however good some of their intentions were, in practice they fell far below the true standard of morals as we have it to-day. Indeed, lust and passion ran riot.

When the British Parliament wanted to arm the Indians against the colonists in the Revolution, Lord Chatham made a picture

of their moral State. "Spain," said he, "armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico. We, more ruthless, let loose those brutal warriors against our countrymen. Shall we send forth the merciless red man, thirsting for blood, to lay waste the country, desolate their dwellings, and blot out forever their race and name? Nay! Let us stamp upon the infamous procedure."

We do not need to simply wonder why these people became so cruel and murderous. They and their forefathers had held the beautiful lands and waters of America for hundreds of years. Like the Eastern nobleman in the fable, they believed that their coat of arms was lying imbedded in every rock in the mountain, in every tree in the forest.

To yield up their hunting grounds and quiet fishing places, and to be driven back into unknown wilds without pay or promises, was enough to stir the fires of their proud and barbarous natures and make them resolve for hatred, burning, and death. The rum of the trader, which they had learned to

love, only added fuel to the flame, and made them ready for the torch, the dagger, and the knife. EDITH ALLEN.

The spectators who were present at the reading seemed gratified with the essay, and applauded the reader. Charles Vastine, who was to present the next paper, excused himself in part for want of time to prepare his paper, but said he had done the best he could under the circumstances. His subject was :

CHARACTER AND ERRAND OF COUNT NICHOLAS LOUIS ZINZENDORF.

The Indian villages along the North and West Branches and vicinities, as far as I can find out, were named Ostenwaken, Ostuagy, Neskopeko, Wajomic, Mach-wihi-lusing, Shohomokin, etc. The whole plot of the landscape up and down and across this "Hill," whether seen in the golden tints of autumn, under the sweep of some violent storm or in the light of the harvest moon, was worthy of its great Creator. Shohomokin was the most important village. Here the kind Shikellimy lived. Here also three other chiefs lived. They were Al-um-mo-pees, Ope-kas-sel, and

Shach-a-law-lin. Although inferior to Shikellimy, they were held in high esteem by the various governors of Pennsylvania.

It was to these far-off heathen villages in North America that Count Zinzendorf, founder of the Moravian Church, turned his steps as a missionary in A. D. 1742. He had been living in an old castle at Marienburg, Germany, on the banks of the Nogat. He had received his early religious impressions through the teachings of his grandmother, to whom he often said he would like to establish a new Church, which he did.

Becoming a man, he organized many schools for poor children, feeding and educating these children out of his own pocket. He organized a religious society called "The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed." Many of his students became missionaries, and went to China, Africa, and Greenland. One of these religious adventurers, Henry Rauch, came to America and settled among the Indians of Connecticut and New York. He preached the Gospel to them and afterward to those in Pennsylvania, at Bethlehem and upon the Susquehanna.

At Bethlehem these two brothers in the Gospel met and consulted together. Mr. Zinzendorf, being anxious to visit the Five Nations, to tell them of a loving Saviour, set out through the wilderness with Conrad Weiser as a guide, and reached Shohomokin on the 28th of September, 1742. He was cordially received by Chief Shikellimy, who, upon being told the character of his distinguished guest and the long distance he had traveled, presented him with a big watermelon. The count gave him in return a fur hunting cap.

It did not require much time for Zinzendorf to find out that he had gotten into a very wicked place. The fire water of the trader had made the Susquehanna savages drunken and beastly, which, added to their superstitions, turned them into devils. At first, when he explained to them how sinful it was to live in such a manner, and told them of a Saviour who had died for guilty men, they hooted at him and turned away with scorn. After a while, however, getting confidence in him, they listened patiently to his great story. Some of them were saved.

Mr. Weiser said, as he saw those vener-

able patriarchs of the American Indian Church sitting, some on benches and some on the ground, as living witnesses of the power of the Gospel to save, that it was one of the greatest comforts of his life that he had gone to Shohomokin.

The visit of Count Zinzendorf was so agreeable, and the new ideas about God promised to be so useful, that when he turned his horse to go farther into the interior, these dusky Christians, like those from Ephesus to whom St. Paul bade farewell, gathered about him and wept, "because they would see his face no more." CHARLES VASTINE.

When Charles ceased reading, the chairman said that if he could do so well in so short a time, he would like to have one of his productions upon which he had spent several days. He was followed by Grace Murray, whose clear enunciation and beautiful voice attracted the whole party. Her subject was:

SUCCESSES OF MARTIN AND MRS. MACK AND OF DAVID AND MRS. BRAINERD.

The Moravian heroes and heroines were bent upon doing their best for the settle-

ments in Pennsylvania. Three years after Count Zinzendorf was here Mr. and Mrs. Mack and Mr. and Mrs. Brainerd pressed through the forests of Pennsylvania to visit the missions on the Susquehanna. These were, perhaps, the first white Christian women who had ever been at Shohomokin.

Some traveling Shawnees hailed them just after they had arrived, and wanted to know what business the white people had to come among them. They said:

"We do not want anybody to come and teach us. We want to be left alone. You white people are like wild pigeons. Wherever you perch great numbers of you come together. Then what becomes of us?"

The gentle missionaries disabused their minds, and told them they had not come to take away their lands, but to tell them about another and a better country, to which they might go if they would be good and true as well as brave.

Mr. and Mrs. Mack welcomed the Brainerds, who came later; all of whom were often insulted and lived in great fear of being murdered. Jealousies were being stirred

and treachery was hatching in these savage hearts because of the ambitious men who were exploring the Susquehanna country for gain. But the hunger, fatigue, persecutions, and sickness to which these good missionaries were exposed did not move them from their purposes. They counted not their lives dear unto themselves if so they might be the instruments of salvation to the heathen. Their journals show that they endured all these things gladly, and regarded them as better than the richest luxuries.

GRACE F. MURRAY.

A company of ladies gave us a great surprise at this stage of the lyceum hour by sending an invitation to come to the dining room for refreshments. It did not require a long time to accept the invitation, and the motion for an intermission of twenty minutes was soon put to the house and carried in considerable disorder. The table talk turned upon the blessedness of doing something for others and of the wonderful things that had happened here, almost unknown to the people who walk the streets of Sunbury and

PROFILE ROCK, SHIKELLIMY RIDGE.

Northumberland. The toasts in behalf of the Moravian heroes and heroines, together with those for the future pleasures of the Iroquois Club, were drank in cold water and greatly enjoyed. Resuming the exercises, Emma Bucher read an essay on

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT UNDER BISHOP CAMERHOFF AND JOSEPH POWELL.

At the Moravian Synod held in Quitopehill in 1747 full reports had been made of the missions. It was found that something additional must be done if the Gospel was to conquer the red man's prejudices and do the work expected in other directions. It was decided that as many as were determined to consecrate themselves to the work must do it for their whole life, and that they must consent to be adopted into the tribe with which they labored, and to be known ever afterward as a part of the Indian nation. Conrad Weiser had been adopted into the Mohawks for purposes of peace and good will, and why should they not be willing to do so for the sake of Jesus? Some volunteered, and Martin Mack was appointed to superintend the mission.

When Bishop Camerhoff and Joseph Powell came into the mission station in 1748 conferences were held with the Christian Indians as to how they might carry the word of God into the interior. Some of the more devoted of the Indians agreed to go with them that, by telling what the Lord had done for them, they might persuade others to accept the Gospel. Regular gospel meetings were held twice a day—early in the morning and after nightfall. Special meetings were held for boys and girls, at which they were taught to read the Bible, memorize the Catechism, and recite hymns. There were also meetings held for widows, for old people, for married men and married women, and also for young people. The Lord's Supper was administered once a month.

It was no uncommon thing to see these servants of God going about the settlements, baptizing children, visiting the aged and sick, performing the marriage ceremony, burying the dead, and attending to all the duties common to preachers.

During the autumn of 1748 several violent storms of wind, hail, and rain visited the

country, destroying the crops and causing great floods in the creeks and rivers. A shock of earthquake was also felt. These movements of divine power were used as illustrations of what the great God was able to do if he desired, and how weak men were in their presence.

As Bishops Von Watteville and Camerhoff, and Mack and Zeisberger and others, went from one wigwam to another and from village to village along the two great branches of, the Susquehanna during the winter months many Shawnees, Chickasaws, and Nanticokes turned from their wickedness and were admitted into the Church. These visitations continued until 1755. EMMA BUCHER.

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As Olin Houck had failed to come to time with his paper on "Some Remarkable Conversions Among the Indians," the club with one consent requested Rev. Mr. Roslyn to become the subject of a general quiz by the company on that subject. He reluctantly consented; but as he had been lately searching among the old colonial documents and was well up in the history of the long ago

his answers were quite happy and to the point.

A spectator was the first to put a question to him, which was, "How can you account for the sudden change in the life of a drunken savage to that of a man of prayer?"

Mr. Roslyn replied: "A simple story, told often in love, and demonstrated to be true by many strong arguments, and best of all by pious lives—this, the story of Jesus as a Saviour—this alone was the power. Of course there had to be an acceptance of the truth."

"Can you give any special instances of conversion?" said Miss Allen.

"Yes. One of the wickedest fellows among the Iroquois was the first to break down under the new power. His name was Tschoop. He had boasted that he would kill the first missionary that should speak to him on the subject of being good. He often sneered at the idea of one man's blood being powerful enough to wash away another man's sins. Yet this was the idea that finally conquered him. The little golden wedge of truth got an entrance and was driven home by the Holy Spirit. Some one was kind

enough to write up the story of Tschoop's turning from bad to good, and it has been translated."

"Yes," said Olin, "I found that, and have it here with me. Will you read it?"

Mr. Roslyn reads: "Tschoop said to me, 'Brothers! I have been a heathen. I have grown old and gray-headed among the heathen. I know how heathen think. I know how they live. Once a man came among us and said, "There is a God." We said. "Do you think we are so dumb as not to know that? Go back where you came from." Another man came. He said, "You must not steal. You must not get drunk. You must not lie." We said, "We know all that. Tell your own people to quit such things, for who can lie and cheat like your folks?"

"'One day Henry Rauch came into my hut and sat down and talked to me. He said, "I come in the name of the Lord of heaven and earth. He sends to let you know that he will make you happy and save you from your sins and misery."

"'When he had finished his talk he lay down upon a board and slept. I said, "What

kind of a man is this to lie and sleep here? He cannot be bad man! He afraid of no evil from us wicked fellows. He put his life in our hands. I could kill him in a minute and pitch him out in the woods, and who would care? But I could not forget what he said about Jesus. I dreamed about him. I gave poor Indian to Jesus."' "

Mr. Roslyn continued to say that Tschoop became a very useful man. As he went up and down the river in his canoe he did not forget to tell his friends of his new-found joy.

"Tell us," said Olin, "something about Keposh, King of the Delawares."

"Keposh was an old man—eighty years old. Stretched in his blanket he lay dying. Tinctures, roots, and syrups did him no good. Many tears were shed when he died. The people on the other side of the island sent in their regrets, saying, 'We wipe the tears from your eyes, cleanse your ears, and put your aching heart in its proper place.'

"But it was found that the old man had swooned, was lying in a fainting condition, but was not dead. In his vision he saw a man in shining garments, who said to him,

'You only have a short while to stay on the earth. To be good and true is the way for men to live.'

"The vision made a great impression on the old man. He asked for one of the good teachers, who pointed him to the scriptural way of faith and baptized him."

"Are there any other instances?" said the chairman.

"Yes. I give you one more. An aged and decrepit squaw, bent by the drudgery of years, lived along the river in great poverty. She was blind. She determined to go to Bethlehem to see and hear the many good people there, and especially the teachers of the Gospel. Some of her friends constructed a kind of go-cart and actually dragged her the whole distance through the wilderness. It took twenty days, but the 'good news' of salvation was an ample reward. She believed in Jesus, and some days after died in full triumph of a good hereafter.

"Before closing let me say that the men and women who first taught these people the way of salvation deserve the warmest praise. It was only through much suffering and persecu-

tion that they were able to make any impression, but they stayed at their post of duty."

The last paper was read by Olive Thorne. The subject was

A CONFIRMATION CLASS OF SOME INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS AT FRIEDENSHÜTTEN.

It was a bright golden time in spring. The village of Friedenshütten—tents of peace—never looked more charming. The Indian tents were clean and tidy, for Friedenshütten was a Christian village, and cleanliness was enjoined as next to godliness. It was also quite a temperance town. No "fire-water" dealers were allowed to take up quarters there—a prohibition town, as it were.

The house of the Moravian Brethren stood in the public square, and was a model of plainness and neatness. The gardens were in bloom and the graveyard on the hillside, with its romantic surroundings, had in it here and there an Indian girl strolling among the graves.

Early that morning the little chapel was opened, and the bell rang out merrily and clear, calling to worship. Out of the quaint little houses and lodges of the village darted

the red folks, one by one, who walked orderly to the meeting house. It was a special day.

After one of the missionaries had spoken and the congregation had sung some songs in the Indian language thirteen Indian boys dressed in white came forward as their names were called and grouped themselves in a circle about the altar. A Negro boy came forward, also, which made fourteen.

As the white-haired bishop looked into their faces he asked them some personal questions as to whether they understood what it was to be Christians, and whether they would lead Christian lives. He was satisfied with their answers, and baptized them in the name of the Holy Trinity, confirmed them by laying on of hands, and gave them the holy communion.

The Gospel became quite a power among the children, and many interesting stories are bound up in their after lives. Many of them were anxious to know the stories of the Old Testament, and took pleasure in committing to memory whole chapters of the Bible. They loved the new songs and answered the questions of the Catechism.

One little fellow as he lay dying looked up in his mother's face as he heard the chapel bell ring for prayers one evening and said, "Take me over to God's house, and let me die there."

When told they could not do that he said, "Well, I have Jesus with me here."

The Moravian annals are full of biographical sketches of these Pennsylvania Christian Indians, each of whom was called by a Scripture name. Some of them became eloquent speakers, whose words in the public assemblies burned their way into the consciences of their fellows and produced lasting good. Others were changed from vile and desperate characters into kind and loving Christians. Our government has tried many methods for civilizing the tribes upon our Western frontier and for preventing bloodshed. The old Moravian idea of educating and Christianizing them, as is now being done in our schools at Carlisle and Hampton, may solve the problem in a common sense way. OLIVE THORNE.

The meeting continued far beyond the time fixed, but the club and the guests in-

sisted on having one more session on Saturday afternoon. As I was appointed to close up the investigation for the present I was asked to sketch the boyhood and life of the celebrated chief "Logan," to which I consented.

**Chillisquaque Creek, Northumberland County, Pa.,** { **June.**

AS the little steamboat *Louie*, from Sunbury, came brushing up to the wharf at noon to-day it had for passengers all of my jubilant students in Indian history, together with their parents. As I had prepared myself to speak to the young on "Logan" I concluded not to change the simplicity of the story on account of the older people, but to tell it as I knew it.

THE CAREER OF LOGAN.

When the corn was yet in the milk, and before the golden-rod, the aster, and the gentian had fringed the autumn banks of the "Crooked River," in a hunter's lodge hard by the Blue Mountain spurs lay a strange yet interesting Indian papoose.

He was wrapped in the skin of a wolf, and was lying in a rude hammock made of wild grapevines inlaid with moss.

The boy had no name; he had no clothes; he couldn't tell where he had come from,

nor yet what he was in such a queer world for. And yet all the boys and girls who looked upon him took a fancy to him and wanted to nurse him and carry him about.

The sky was overcast with dark, blustering clouds that day, and the smoke of the wigwam made him sneeze and cry.

When Shikellimy, the father, came back from his long hunt in the Alleghanies, he was greatly surprised and filled with laughter to find this, a second son, born in his home. The boy was as happy, too, as the singing birds which had whispered to the father the strange news that he had better strike homeward.

The innocent little stranger was called nothing but "Booboo" for many a passing moon. At length, according to the custom, when seven years of age he was called Logan. It was impossible, however, for him to be allowed to live in such a pretty world, and to eat so many good things, and to have such an easy time, without being initiated into its mysteries.

It happened, therefore, in the course of his boyhood that for several days he was not al-

lowed to eat anything but a few sweet roots, which made him very weak and sick. He was not permitted to leave the tent; and as for climbing the hills or roaming about the streams, that was not once thought of.

One night, after his confinement and fasting, he was taken out into the wild, black forest and left alone. There wasn't a star shining in the sky. The thunders shook the very hills, and the lightnings flashed and played around the trees until this boy, not yet past his thirteenth year, stood excited and alarmed. Wild and weird were the hours of that midnight. Bewildered and tired, Logan crawled into a hollow tree and slept.

In his vision the Great Manitou or Spirit appeared to him, who seemed to say: "You shall be neither a great hunter nor a doctor, nor yet a prophet, but a warrior and an orator."

When he awoke the sun was shining in among the trees. As he turned himself about he saw a fawn standing by a beautiful spring, drinking. One shot from his trusty little gun brought down his game. Covering it over carefully with leaves he followed a stream,

which happily led out into the river, and by which means he reached his father's tent.

As this was the first deer he had ever shot much account was made of it, and a feast was had that night, to which all the boys and girls in the village were invited.

As Logan increased in years, and showed so many marks of manliness, his father became much attached to him. Logan could never get done talking about his visit to the great council fires at Onondaga (now Syracuse). It was a long and wearisome journey, but one filled with incident and adventure. Logan was delighted with what he saw and heard.

What most attracted his attention was the great council house. It was built of bark, and was fitted up nicely for the chiefs of the various tribes and the white commissioners who came from a distance to talk together about things which concerned everybody.

Inside of this great square bark council house, upon either side, and facing each other, benches were arranged. Upon one set of benches sat the Indian dignitaries, all painted and feathered according to the latest

fashion. Upon the other benches sat the white men. In the center, seated upon the floor, was the president of the council.

All were smoking pipes of tobacco. When one was speaking all the others would remain quiet, except when anything was said that pleased them. Then all the red men would sing out, "Nee! Nee!"—meaning Yes! Yes!

At the end of every speech they would sing out again, "Hoho! Hoho!"—That's all!

The presents of blankets, lead, powder, etc., which the white men brought with them, were all equally divided. At noon of each day two big, burly Indians would come stalking into the council house, carrying upon their shoulders, across a pole, a huge kettle of venison or bear meat, and putting it down in the center of the room would retire, which was a signal for every man to help himself.

Young Logan was still in his teens, and had not yet started out into the world to make his own living. One day an old squaw came into Shikellimy's lodge, bringing with her some corn meal mixed as if ready for baking into bread. A little girl by her side

carried an armful of wood which she had gathered. The present was for Logan, an engagement present. The girl was his future bride; at least so the mother said.

When Logan's mother returned with a present of belts and cloth and blankets, which she afterward did, that was a sure sign that the Indian boy was pleased with his lady-love, and intended to woo and marry her.

In the spring of 1753 he and his bride took up their residence at the mouth of Chillisquaque (frozen duck) Creek. Here his love of nature began to develop itself. Here was a grand opening for the play of his imaginative and really brilliant mind.

Especially was he interested in the heavens. Often while ranging the mountains in search of wild game, or paddling his canoe in the solitary waters waked only by the splashing of his oar or the voice of some "bird of passage," would he trace in the sky the signs and wonders which even his wise forefathers had ceased to unravel.

Without books or teachers or telescope, how dim and uncertain must have been his knowledge of the "bright procession" in the heavens

marching in silence toward the land of the Dakotas! To him the sun was a ball of fire, shining out in mighty power—to-day making mellow the ground and ripening the maize, to-morrow angry at the people and hiding himself behind the blackened clouds.

At night the moon, as a "mailed maiden," rode the circle of the blue, shedding forth most golden and happy beams; and then shooting stars darted out into the darkness, as if they were weary with their work and wanted rest. The comets with their fiery tails swept through the awful spaces—the beautiful Aurora, the Great Dipper, the Pole Star, splendid Jupiter, and red Mars, and the Milky Way—all, all charmed and amazed this thinker of the forest and wrapped his life in mysteries great.

Logan's stay at Tilly Squachne (Chillisquaque) was not of long duration. A man of the forest, he wished to get beyond the very edge of civilization. Yet he was ever the white man's friend, and, like his good old father, a keeper of the peace.

But westward he turned his steps. He moved to Raccoon Valley, at the foot of the

Tuscarora Mountains, about the year 1765, and three years later pitched his tent at a spring, now called Logan's Spring, in Mifflin County, Pa.

Logan was a great friend of children. Wouldn't you have been scared, if you had been living along the quiet Juniata at that time, to have seen a great, tall Indian, over six feet, with long black hair and keen black eyes, come limping into your father's cabin, and, taking up your little sister, ask your mamma if he might take her off into the mountains to his own hut? It seems to me you would have fought against it with all your might.

But Logan did that very thing. He asked one of the white women if her little girl might go and spend some time with him in his cabin, and, strangely enough, the mother consented. She well knew what kind of a heart was beating under that buckskin vest of Logan. That evening in came the noble Indian, carrying upon his back the little girl, as happy as she could be, with a brand-new pair of moccasins upon her feet, beautifully beaded and made by Logan's own hands.

Logan's sense of right and truth and justice was very strongly developed. It showed itself upon many occasions. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary War he emigrated from the region of "blue Juniata" into the wilds of Ohio. He located at the mouth of Beaver Creek, and commenced farming upon a small scale. Here, as in the East, he accommodated himself to the changing circumstances of his race. He also adopted more closely than ever the customs and habits of the whites.

In the spring of 1774 some robberies and a murder were committed in the neighborhood of Logan's camp.

The Indians were blamed for the deed, but with no good proofs. Colonel Cresap and one Greathouse determined to avenge themselves of the wrong. Without any definite knowledge as to who were the guilty parties these men went down the Kanawha, fell upon the Indian settlement, and murdered in cold blood and indiscriminately all whom they met. Among the number was the family of Logan—his mother and sister and brother.

The proud and revengeful spirit of Logan was stirred to its very depths. He reasoned with himself: "Why does the white man treat me so? What evil have I done him? Haven't I always been his true friend? Wasn't my father, too, the white man's friend? Didn't I learn from him that I must be true to them?"

The wicked blood began to run through his veins. "Revenge! revenge!" was the cry. Logan succeeded in gathering a large force of his countrymen, and, joining with Cornstalk, another celebrated warrior, they swept through the white settlement with fire and scalping knife.

The people of the whole province were alarmed and aroused. General Lewis, joining Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, raised a force of soldiers numbering more than two regiments. Large bands of Shawnees, Delawares, Cayugas, and Mingoes met the militia at Point Pleasant, Va.

From sunrise to sunset the battle went forward. A terrible day was that 10th of October, 1774. Logan was there at the front of his braves urging them onward. Many

brave men fell upon that field. The Indians were defeated, and during the night withdrew from the scene of action.

The remnant rallied soon after in the vicinity of Logan's cabin, when a treaty of peace was entered upon by both parties. But Logan refused to be present, nor could any words prevail with him. Stung to the heart with the vile deed which had taken from him every one of his relations, he could not brook the idea of a compromise. When the messenger came from Governor Dunmore's camp to escort him to the place where the treaty was signed Logan led him into the woods and told him the sad story of his life and the inhuman butchery of his family.

This was also the occasion of his great speech, which was afterward spoken of so favorably by Thomas Jefferson. He pronounced it one of the finest pieces of eloquence of any language. It makes a tiptop speech for a boy at school. He said: "I appeal to any white man to say if he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the

last long and bloody war Logan remained in his cabin idle, an advocate of peace.

"Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is a joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

Logan afterward fell into bad habits, among others that of drunkenness. He lost his interest in life. He counted nothing a pleasure. He continued to brood over his troubles day after day. Strong drink ruined him at last, even as it has ruined thousands of others.

An old Mingo chief, called Good Hunter, and a well-known name in the annals of Ohio, related to a gentleman the story of Logan's death. He said: "He was on a journey from his home to Detroit, Mich. At the time of his death he was sitting, with his blanket over his head, before a camp fire, his elbows resting on his knees, when an Indian, who had taken some offense, stole behind him and buried his tomahawk in his brain."

**Mouth of John Penn's Creek, Snyder County, Pa.,** } **June.**

ARE you familiar with the story of Barbara Leininger and Marie Le Roy, two German girls who were captured near this place by a band of Indians? It is preserved in the Pennsylvania archives from a pamphlet written in German by themselves after liberation.

It is the old story of a sudden attack upon a helpless settlement in 1755, when the State was overrun by marauders on account of the defeat of Braddock in the west. This Penn's Creek settlement consisted of twenty-five or thirty persons, most of whom were brutally killed. The two girls were taken prisoners. Pioneer life was rugged enough of itself, but to be driven into the deep forests, exposed to all kinds of weather, to eat acorns and roots, to cut down trees, build huts, tan leather, and do all manner of drudgery was unbearable. There was one compensation about it, however; it gave them strength and power of endurance when they came to make good their escape. Their bondage lasted more

than three years. They were taken to Kittanning in Armstrong County, by way of Chinclacamoose (Clearfield) and Punxsutawney. During their stay they witnessed the most inhuman treatment of other prisoners, who were roasted alive, had melted lead poured down their throats, and their bodies mutilated by cutting off one member after another. Their narrative of escape through feigned sickness, quitting the trail of the forests, creeping along the streams without a compass or guide, getting to Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg), thence to Fort Bedford and Harris's Ferry (Harrisburg), and finally to Lancaster, is full of stirring adventure, fatigue, and suffering.

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The old idea of the "Academy" as a school for boys and girls, once so popular in this part of the State, has faded entirely out of existence. The principals, as they were called, were keen-witted, social, well-equipped men, and had a vast deal of common sense. The Randolphs, the Kirkpatricks, the McClunes, and the Pollocks were strong men in every way. The courses of study had backbone. As much

OUTLINE MAP
OF
SUSQUEHANNA RIVER
N E W Y O R K
Otsego Lake
Cooperstown
Oneonta
Unadilla
Afton
Owego
Binghamton
Elmira
NORTH BRANCH
Susquehanna Depot
Towanda
Tunkhannock
Scranton
Plymouth
Pittston
Wilkesbarre
Nanticoke
Bloomsburg
Catawissa
Sunbury
Renovo
Williamsport
Muncy
Shickshinny
Lock Haven
WEST BRANCH
Danville
Clearfield
Bellefonte
Northumberland
Middleburg
Philipsburg
Selins Grove
Millersburg
Mifflintown
Lewistown
JUNIATA RIVER
Newport
Huntingdon
Duncannon
HARRISBURG
SUSQUEHANNA R.
Middletown
Carlisle
Lancaster
Bedford
Columbia
Philadelphia
Chambersburg
York
Gettysburg
M A R Y L A N D
Havre de Grace
Baltimore
DELAWARE
CHESAPEAKE BAY
Scale of Miles
0 20 40

might be said of the discipline of the schoolroom. Lewisburg, Mifflinburg, Milton, Williamsport, Danville, Sunbury, and Northumberland all had flourishing schools of this character, and a large percentage of the physicians, lawyers, preachers, and editors who were educated here became eminent in their professions.

It is difficult to say whether the high school methods of to-day are any improvement either upon the curricula or the drill of the gymnasia of the olden times.

The Susquehanna valley is proud of her institutions of the higher grade, as Bucknell University, with its group of magnificent buildings overlooking the town of Lewisburg; or Wyoming Seminary, at Kingston; the State Normals, at Lock Haven, Bloomsburg, Pa., and Oneonta, in New York; or Dickinson Seminary, at Williamsport; but for keen, incisive, wholesome drilling in the earlier mathematics and the languages, the old academy was always at a premium.

*

What can be said of the wealthy men and women of the Susquehanna valley? Of a

score or more whose names and faces come within the reach of memory, but two or three may be mentioned who have projected great benevolent schemes, built great orphanages or hospitals, or endowed great institutions of learning. Philanthropic movements of this character seem to have been almost wholly neglected. Bequeathing fortunes to sons is poor business. The hoarded treasures of years are soon squandered in a vain attempt at display, some wild business speculations, or gambling in stocks or the lottery.

The Jacob Tome Scientific Building at Dickinson College, Carlisle, and the Thomas Beaver Memorial Library and Young Men's Christian Association Building at Danville, are notable and honorable exceptions.

*

I had a dream last night. It must have come about because I passed in the early evening a quaint old red house standing at the forks of the road where I spent many happy childhood hours.

I saw in my dream, sure enough, the old house with its singular gables, its long, latticed porches, its great back-log crackling upon the

hearth with the chestnuts roasting in the ashes, the barn with its straw stacks, the brook, the violets blooming in the meadow, the ford at the creek, the sunrise upon the hills, the cows grazing along the ridge, the freshly plowed fields, the first robin of spring whilst yet the snowdrifts lingered in the fence corners, the partridges in the lane, the clanging crows, cherries ripe, the apple blossoms, the great loads of new-mown hay, the bright patches of buckwheat, the tasseled corn, and the faded leaves of autumn. I was again at the sheep-washing, and heard the barking dogs upon the banks of the stream, the bleat of the lambs, and the song of the wheat harvest. I was with the nutting party down in the hickory bottom beyond the eight-cornered schoolhouse, or brought the grist from the old-fashioned mill. I was present when the evening lamp was lighted, saw the old wheel with the curious threads and one who sang the merry and never-to-be-forgotten song, and when the old clock standing on the stairs struck its hour of ten there was a good-night kiss and a sleep of innocence. That was the heyday of life!

*

Do you know a country boy's ideal of birds? It's a trio complete in itself—the killdeer plover, the bobolink, and the humming bird. The first is so fine and large, so restless and noisy, always crying in two syllables, following the plow, and making himself generally familiar on the farm. His beautiful black eyes, his black bill and bronze legs, are altogether attractive. To find a nest in the grass with four drab-colored eggs blotched with brown is regarded as great luck.

The humming bird is a delight also, if for nothing else, because of its size and habits, being in direct contrast with the killdeer. Boys are fond of contrasts. The plumage is so gay as it glitters in the sunlight; the long, slender bill dips into every flower; they show such skill in building their nests, coating them with lichens and lining with plant-down, that a farmer's lad is full of admiration for them.

As for the bobolink, his attractions are many. There is the hearty, full-rounded song at any hour of the day; his love for a mate; his migratory instincts, and when full grown, fat and juicy, the relish at the dinner table.

Under the field glass to-day he is the same bright, joyous thing as in other days. He still loves the meadows, runs the whole gamut of song, "even picks up a worm from the mud with elegance," and moves southward in the night when the days begin to shorten.

*

My quick-witted and genial friend Mr. F——, with whom I have made so many excursions upon the river by night and by day, called my attention this evening to a species of night bird with which I was not familiar. It was the night heron. We could not distinguish him well enough to describe him properly on account of the glare of our pitch pine torches, but his long legs, long bill, and long neck indicated to what family he belonged. He is one of the "waders," and puts in all his best work when the other birds are not about. When we returned home we searched for his peculiarities in my friend's library among the ornithologists. We found him to be a great gormandizer, sleeping all day and swooping down upon his unsuspecting prey in the darkness. His red eyes and long legs fit him admirably for his work. He

takes care of number one. One author said he found one of these fellows who had swallowed a sucker which was too long for his throat and stuck out several inches. He endured his uncomfortable guest until the gastric juice of the stomach had actually eaten up all the fleshy parts of the fish. These "drowsy waders," it is said, breed in midsummer and stay in large companies, there being sometimes fifty or a hundred nests together in the high trees of some great wood.

*

The West Branch of the Susquehanna, known to the Six Nations by the name Quenischa-chack-ki, the stream with long reaches, can rightfully boast of many thrifty towns and villages and an intellectual and highly prosperous people.

Lewisburg has a history running back to 1785, is located at the edge of a rich agricultural region, is the seat of a university, has a population of 3,500, chiefly Americans, a number of elegant churches, but few marked prosperous industries.

Milton has always been Lewisburg's rival in a business way, doubling its population

every ten years, and from its very beginning has evinced remarkable business tact and growth.

Watsontown, Dewart, Muncy, and Montgomery are all of substantial growth and worthy of special mention.

Williamsport, with a population of 30,000, has surpassed all of her competitors in wealth and thrift. It is the center of great lumbering interests of the upper Susquehanna, has elegant residences, schools, and churches, together with many varied and constantly developing industries.

Jersey Shore lays claim to considerable distinction as a borough, and Lock Haven, with 8,000 souls, is largely supported by the trade in lumber, having special railroad facilities, and steadily advances in all lines of commercial enterprise.

To the north lie Renovo, Westport, Keating, Karthaus, and Shawville; then the substantially built, thrifty town of Clearfield, with a population of 2,500, and beyond it Curwensville, Lumber City, Burnside, and then the source of the river in the wilds of Cambria County.

**Headwaters of the West Branch, Cambria County, Pa.,** } **June.**

IT is quite fashionable in this wooded region to fix the eye if not the heart upon Peneus —the river god. A freshet out of the clouds is a great benediction in Clearfield and Cambria Counties. When the lumbermen have dragged their logs to the streams and constructed their rafts to float them to the markets the weather is a very important item. Last week we were favored with a long-continued rain, and the men from the camps are all astir. This rise in the river has given occasion to some gentlemen of my acquaintance to accept a banter made them some time ago by their sweethearts to accompany them down the river on a raft. Accordingly four of these immense rafts were lashed together side by side, two extra cabins were built and furnished, the cupboards were well supplied—no liquors—and the day of departure fixed. I was honored as an invited guest.

The first day out laughter, wit, neighbor-

IN THE HEART OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

hood jokes, repartee, and songs made up the hours. The second day out a violent wind storm swept in upon us, followed by rain. The lightnings seemed to quit the upper skies and to burn their fiery, zigzag paths close above our heads. The thunders crashed and rolled along the lowering clouds; the mountaineers at the great oars lost their temper and used big words; the cabins were torn from their moorings and upset, and out of the midst of the storm the drenched and frightened girls cried out, "The romance is all out of this thing! How can we get back home?" It was indeed their Water-loo.

But, as always, "after clouds, sunshine," so with the clearing up of the heavens there came the ever-varying and superb scenery along the banks of the river. The Kodak prints, the charcoal sketches, the afternoon romps, the bugle calls to meals and to bed, the tie-up stoppages at the villages, together with the fellowship of the hours, made us all forget our troubles, and time brought us to our desired haven.

*

The more one knows about trout fishing the quicker he is to say that it is a science

known only to the few. Not being a scientific expert, I made but few boasts as I joined a company of anglers of the Izaak Walton school when we turned our horses' heads toward an old lumberman's camp in the heart of the Alleghanies.

The wag of the party, whose jokes were never stale, but always told in two parts, with a place to laugh at either end, suggested publicly that I should become his silent partner, as he never failed to bring in a basketful of the speckled beauties. He did throw a ready line as he waded with his great boots the mountain stream or anchored in the lake near by; but he soon found that it was "nip and tuck" with his competitor in the management of the "fly," so that his jokes that evening about the success of the greenhorn had a double-back-handed two-edged action—a kind of a boomerang, as it were.

The rough-and-tumble experiences of the jaunt were much enjoyed. Can I ever forget those sturdy pines, mutely waiting for the adze and saw of the eastern shipyards? the nameless varieties of mosses and creeping vines? the old pine table in the hut upon which we

A LUMBERMEN'S CAMP IN THE ALLEGHANIES.

slept? the bill of fare each day? or the remarks of the black cook? Then there were those grotesque shadows made by the rocks, the midnight camp fires and the exaggerated stories of the bear hunt, the lone, shrill cry of the whip-poor-will, and the crescent moon overhead. The whole made up a weird combination night and day for the uninitiated stranger.

I confess to great admiration for Nature in her wildest and most picturesque moods. But Nature is a coy maiden. She has for me no hearty responses. Even the ivy, the laurel, and some species of the wild columbine are poisonous to the flesh. It is evidently a case of misplaced affection; but tired nerves, sluggish veins, and overtaxed brain get a true invigoration in the deep, dark forests. And then, too, it tightens one's grip on the things of to-morrow.

*

As my host Captain Moran and I sat at his cabin door waiting for his good wife to call to breakfast I recalled Mr. Audubon's story of the great "pigeon roost" in Kentucky. I mentioned that in their flight the

sky was literally filled with pigeons, so that the sun seemed to be eclipsed; that in less than a half hour he counted almost two hundred distinct flocks, and that when they came driving down upon the roost in the mountains the noise made by them was like a gale at sea when the wind creaks through the rigging of the ship; that solid masses of these birds covered the rocks, the trees, and the ground; but that, strange to say, by sunrise they had all disappeared.

I supposed the captain would appear somewhat incredulous. But whether he thought I was stretching the truth, or what, I could not say; but he set about telling a pigeon story that far eclipsed anything that Mr. Audubon ever heard or dreamed of. It should have occurred here in the fastnesses of the Alleghanies. He saw, indeed, the tens of thousands of millions of pigeons and heard the awful clatter, and succeeded, even though a boy, in entrapping large numbers. I did not wish to contradict his statements, but I became the incredulous party and freely gave him the palm. He closed by saying that in late years pigeons do not appear in such immense flocks.

*

How do the people in the Alleghany Mountains live? Well! Ask how the people live in any other part of Pennsylvania. If you wish to see intellectual vigor, philanthropic movements, and a high-toned and wholesome type of piety you can find it in these up-river mountain towns. Careful attention is given to architecture and the construction of buildings. The houses of the rich and well-to-do people are supplied with the best of current literature, and many of them are elegant in their appointments. Politicians of the better class do not aspire in vain to preferment and fill the first offices in the State and nation. Along the ridges and in the trough of the mountains there is the average of poverty and lack of intelligence; but "moonshiners" do not abound, and the squalor and ignorance of the South along the Blue Mountains and the Alleghany ranges are unknown. The itinerant preachers with saddlebags full of religious literature threaded these wilds and became prominent factors in shaping the opinions and lives of the early settlers. The Sunday school was planted and the Gospel

preached in the cabins and at the lumber camps. The "tears of the sowers" and the "songs of the reapers" mingle truly together in the good sense and piety of the present day. The amount of money invested in school property ranges with the more favorably located counties of Northampton, Lycoming, and Dauphin; and the school population averages very high. New energy has been infused within a few years by opening the rich bituminous coal mines and their relation to the steamships plying on all waters.

*

The West Branch of the Susquehanna finds its sources in these mountains principally through the great springs and mountain rivulets. How insignificant often are beginnings! I came across a barn to-day so constructed that the rain falling upon one side of the roof runs into a brook, which in turn flows into the Susquehanna, and thence onward to the Atlantic Ocean. The rain falling upon the opposite side of the roof enters a stream and gets into the Alleghany River, thence to the Ohio, and so on to the Gulf of Mexico. A little thing changes the entire

channel of one's thoughts, desires, and purposes, gives an ill-advised trend to our lives, or, upon the other hand, wakens into vitality the holiest instincts and teaches us that there are thought and heart movements which cannot be measured by the escape of the years.

Wapwallopen,
Luzerne County, Pa., } June.

MOUNTAIN building! Whether you believe that the mountains were produced by a series of violent concussions and upheavals of the globe, or the later theory, that they are caused by the shrinking of the surface consequent upon the cooling processes of melted substances in the interior, in either case you are driven to the conclusion that the acts of the Creator are not malevolent. "Montour Ridge," "Bald Top," and the "Kittatinny Chain" of mountains, in the vicinity of the "iron city" of Danville, bring forcibly to mind Dr. Edward Hitchcock's thought, that the spirit of a discriminating benevolence in the ages past brought the metallic ores in seams, pockets, and veins near to the surface, rather than that in their melted state they should have concentrated near the center of the earth, as they naturally would, being much heavier than ordinary rock material. Not upon the surface, it is true, but within ready reach, so as to develop man's ingenuity and strength

THE SUSQUEHANNA AT DANVILLE, PA.

and give the world the benefit of this hidden wealth by virtue of his own right arm.

All these hills about Danville are full of iron, the most serviceable of all metals to mankind; and it is found in all the older and newer rocks. It is estimated that 800,000 tons of it, and of the finest quality, are lying within easy reach of the miner's pick. The sturdy iron and steel foundries of the city are its source of wealth. Having but few other industries, it is subject to the fluctuations of the iron market, with the touch of a delightful prosperity upon it betimes, and then its opposite; but its citizens may congratulate themselves upon their power to enrich other communities and render available all other modes of commercial life.

*

Among other remarkable blunders committed by Charles II while upon the English throne was that of granting a patent of the lands lying along the Wyoming valley to two separate parties. He included it in the charter of William Penn, and also in the charter of a Connecticut colony. In 1753–1762 inclusive, companies of Connecticut people settled

in the valley. At Fort Stanwix (Rome, N. Y.) in 1768 a deed was given by the Six Nations to the English, by which the former surrendered all privileges in lands and water courses along the North Branch of the Susquehanna. In 1769 Mr. Penn's people began looking up their rights, a large company coming into the valley. These conflicting interests soon began to breed serious troubles. There were numerous ejectments, lawsuits, and skirmishes by the militia, involving considerable bloodshed. It was not until the closing year of the century that the claims of the Pennsylvania people were substantiated, which ended what is known as the "Pennamite and Yankee War" of the Susquehanna region.

*

Traditions of more or less moment are associated with all of these river towns. The flight of the backwoodsmen down through the Wyoming and the Lycoming valleys to Fort Augusta at Sunbury, and on, indeed, to the capital of the State, although not a memory to any person now living, is a well-known occurrence, as has been indicated by

several local historians. It was in the dark hours of the Revolutionary struggle, the spring of 1778. The British army, flushed with its victories in Delaware and Virginia, had transferred the seat of war to Pennsylvania. The men of the Susquehanna region had enlisted in such numbers as to leave the settlements in a defenseless condition. In spite of Lord Chatham's protest in Parliament about arming the merciless red men and sending them out against the colonists as human bloodhounds, these murderous savages were hired for a specific work. The sacking and burning of the villages went forward at such a rate as to throw consternation into every neighborhood. The people fled before the face of such foes. Down the river in all manner of boats, rafts, and other craft they fled pellmell. One writer in describing the scene says: "Such a sight I never had in my life. Boats, canoes, hog-troughs, rafts hastily made of dry sticks, every sort of floating article had been put into requisition and were crowded with women and children and plunder. The men came down in single file on each side of the river to guard the movement."

*

The tragedy at Wyoming has been depicted by many graphic pens. It was the crisal period of the American Revolution. The noble wives of those patriots who were in the army had just harvested their grain and were getting ready for a rigid winter. The British forces had abandoned their strong position in and about Philadelphia, and were being hotly pursued by the American troops. Congress had been informed secretly that a large number of Indians from about Niagara had joined the enemy and had been sent out to burn and destroy root and branch the peaceful settlements in central New York and central Pennsylvania. Alarmed at this flank movement the patriot army sent back some battalions to defend their homes. A delegation of Seneca Indians went to Philadelphia, where Congress was in session, ostensibly to intercede between the parties, form a treaty, and bury the hatchet; but really to deceive the people and give their allies time enough to carry out their brutal purposes.

On June 29, 1778, the first blow was struck

which reduced one of the forts. Public meetings were held and the people were encouraged to make a brave fight. Forty Fort, the place of the final rally, soon succumbed. Then commenced that series of butcheries which makes the blood run cold in the veins after a hundred years have passed. You are reminded of that event in the Sepoy rebellion in India, when at Cawnpore Nana Sahib hacked in pieces the brave men and beautiful women who were innocent of any action against the native kings. Here at Wyoming the prisoners were grouped around a big stone and tortured in every brutal manner. One old squaw boasted that she had scalped fourteen whites. The following day was one of plunder and burning.

But brave deeds can never die—never be forgotten! The courage of one's convictions in hours of danger crowns a life with unfading laurels and makes it akin to the divine. Every great uplift of humanity is the product of personal suffering. The annals of all brave and good people are written in sorrow, self-denial, tears, and blood. Our own New World, full of the brightest and most capable things,

is but the outgrowth of this idea. Our salvation even boasts of vicarious suffering by the Man who came out of Judea.

The beautiful inscription upon the monument erected to the memory of these Wyoming heroes and heroines is worthy of eternal remembrance. It reads thus:

"Near this spot was fought on the afternoon of Friday, July 3, 1778, the 'Battle of Wyoming,' in which a small band of patriot Americans, chiefly undisciplined, youthful, and aged, spared by inefficiency from the ranks of the Republic, led by Colonel Zebulon Butler and Colonel Nathan Dennison, with a courage that deserved success, boldly met and bravely fought a combined British and Indian force of thrice their number. Numerical superiority alone gave the invader success and spread havoc, desolation and ruin marking his bloody and savage footsteps through the valley. This monument, commemorative of these events and of the actors, has been erected over the bones of the slain by their descendants and others who gratefully appreciate the services and sacrifices of their patriotic ancestors."

OTSEGO LAKE, NEW YORK.

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A corps of engineers, under the direction of the State of Pennsylvania, in 1827, with one Charles C. Treziyulny as chief, measured the Susquehanna from the New York State line to the Maryland State line, and found it to be a distance of two hundred and seventy-three miles. The exact length of the river is then four hundred miles. Rising in Otsego Lake, New York, it traverses the counties of Otsego, Broome, and Tioga in that State; enters Pennsylvania in Bradford County, passes through the counties of Wyoming, Luzerne, Columbia, and Montour; between Northumberland and Snyder, and Dauphin and Cumberland; between Lancaster and York; thence into the Chesapeake in Maryland between Cecil and Harford Counties. It receives the Chenango, Chemung, West Branch, and Juniata Rivers, as well as many minor streams—as Cayuga, Fishing Creek, Penn's Creek, Conodoguinet, Yellow Breeches, Conewago, and Codorus—in its passage to the sea. Its banks are graced with many delightful towns and cities, chief among which should be mentioned Great Bend, Binghamton, and

Owego, in New York; Athens, Towanda, Tunkhannock, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Bloomsburg, Danville, Northumberland, Sunbury, Harrisburg, Columbia, and Marietta, in Pennsylvania; and Port Deposit and Havre de Grace in Maryland. Along the West Branch are Clearfield, Lock Haven, Williamsport, Milton, and Lewisburg.

Wilkesbarre,
Luzerne County, Pa., } June.

IT is impossible to catch full-fledged ideas of the glories of this far-famed Wyoming Valley from the windows of a palace car. Such dissolving views are altogether unsatisfactory. They leave but a wilderness of things rather than a series of distinct negatives. When you climb to the top of one of these great peaks, keep still and watch the sun go down. The valley assumes a different aspect. This study into the motherhood of Nature! How bold and thrilling the responses! See with what passionate and undying instincts she confronts you from everywhere! This maternal element may not be strong enough to arrest every passer-by, because her secrets demand investigation, but to those who are resolved to know and will not be turned aside, the minutiæ of things as well as their majesty become a delightful surprise. The fern is imbedded in the slate. The eye of the spider is not without expression when seen beneath the lens. The unfolding proc-

esses of the rosebud show contrivance. The lump of coal discloses the work of ages. The butterfly's wing was shaped by some cunning hand. Even an old stump, fallen into decay, reveals the presence of the supernatural. These bees among the wild flowers remind one of Victor Hugo's bright saying: "There is nothing so like a soul as a bee. It goes from flower to flower as a soul from star to star, and gathers honey as the soul does light." Some one has said, "Everything in the physical world has been made according to weight, measure, and number The feather of a bird, the flower of a plant, the leaf of a tree, each has an exquisite harmony of parts." But how true that while the eye of a Cuvier or of an Agassiz can get somewhat into the secrets of Nature, even these men were bound to say in a bewildering mood as to the origin of life, "Gentlemen, we cannot tell."

*

It requires nerve to go down into a coal mine. But my friend Mr. B—— was so enthusiastic about it, and quit his office duties so willingly to accompany me, that I at once

dismissed my fears, put on the old suit of clothes, fastened the tiny lamp to my hat, and

1. IN AN ANTHRACITE COAL MINE.
2. A COAL-BREAKER.

then away we drove down the awful shaft a thousand feet from the surface, and thence

out into the dark, damp, forbidding chambers where the miners were digging the black diamonds. It was a great luxury to get into the heart of the Carboniferous age and consult its mysteries. As I had just finished studying the geological formation of the State of Pennsylvania, my interest in the processes of world building was greatly intensified. As this was the opportunity of a lifetime, I thought it but fair to put as many puzzling questions to my friend as possible; and while he was more concerned about the money to be gotten out of the mine than with any notion how the coal got there, he did the best he could in answering the following questions: Do you believe the coast line of the Atlantic Ocean in the North was ever as low and swampy as the coast line of Florida? What fossil is this lying in such abundance in these seams, so like the horse-tail rushes of the Southern swamps? And this bed of slate seems to be full of leaves and stems and ferns? How much more than thirty feet thick is this vein that the men are working? Are we to understand that iron ore the same as coal was formed between the Devonian and Permian eras? And these shrimps

and horseshoe crabs? And these snakelike figures, what are they? Did every geological period introduce new types of life? These veins seem so rich and full and continuous, will they ever be exhausted?

*

My talkative and brilliant guide says that a distinct stratum always exists between the plants (fossils) of the fresh water era and the marine fossils, showing that these great beds were floating islands of vegetation in the carboniferous lakes; that logs and trunks of trees in all shapes are in the strata between the coal beds; that while there are no birds and no mammals in any of the rocks of the Carboniferous period, fish, spiders, scorpions, snails, crickets, and the like do abound, and that at least five hundred species of plants have been found as existing in the period when the coal-builders were busily at work.

It seems evident, therefore, that of all the rocks with which we are now familiar the Devonian measures are the most important, because limestone, coal, and iron are the things which are forever ministering to the necessities of the race. This "mineralizing" of

tropical plants and other vegetable matter is one of the marvelous incidents in connection with the life of man upon the earth. It once and forever settles the question of the fatherhood of the Creator. He meant from all eternity that the glowing anthracite in the grate should make merry the home life of the men and women of his love.

*

It is now pretty thoroughly established that the first discovery of anthracite coal by white people was made in the Wyoming Valley in the year 1766 by one Colonel Francis, who went up the Susquehanna as far as the Wyoming settlements, and reported the land as excellent for farming purposes, and that there was "an abundance of coal in the hills." He communicated that fact to Thomas Penn in England, and it is a matter of colonial record that coal was shipped in "arks" from here down the Susquehanna in 1776 to Harrisburg, and carted thence to Carlisle and Newville, where wrought-iron cannons, muskets, and swords were being manufactured for the government. The yearly output of coal now is enormous, amounting to millions of tons. These great

coal-breakers which dot the valley of Wyoming from Shickshinny to Scranton are unequaled on the globe. The people are thrifty, intelligent, and progressive. The towns are vigorous. The private residences and public buildings show signs of architectural taste. With tact, economy, and forehanded enterprise there need be no huts of squalor, no firesides where the wolf looks in at the front door. Pennsylvanians may well boast of the rich, immense, and developing fields of anthracite, supplying the markets of every land and bringing good cheer to the firesides of the whole world.

*

It is probable that the first white men that ever visited the Susquehanna valley in Pennsylvania were three Dutchmen from the trading post at Albany, N. Y., in 1614. They came to the headwaters of the North Branch, making investigations, and in pursuance of their purpose came down the river as far as the Lackawanna Creek and the Lehigh River. Their passage was far from being an undisputed passage, and a map of their dangerous voyage is said to be still in existence at The

Hague in Holland. Two years later one Stephen Bruehle came down over the same route as far as the Northumberland country for the purpose of securing five hundred Susquehanna warriors to assist in quelling a violent war that was raging in the vicinity of the lakes between the Onondagas and the tribes in Canada. The Dutch had been furnishing them firearms from time to time, and they had become expert in their use. The English began their settlements along this part of the river as early as 1644.

*

The sea nymphs have not yet invaded the sanctity of this ancient river, nor mermaids held high carnival in the dancing moonbeams, but Cupid lingers about in his buoyant and determined purposes. At nightfall, and later, the swain and his sweetheart are seen strolling amid these picturesque pathways or gliding over the waves with merry song and laughter, dreaming of the glad to-morrow, and praying that the clouds may soon roll by. Did the dusky lovers so? Were they altogether such in their reveries? Did their full-fledged hopes stir their active souls and mold

LAKE OTSEGO—HEADWATERS OF THE NORTH BRANCH OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

their thinking? Was love the same fascinating venture that it is nowadays? And did its lambent flame kindle the same desires as seem now to possess the hearts of the sentimental pair which just swept by in their sailboat? Conditions are changed; a new language has come to the front; a new civilization stirs the blood, but I doubt not that ideals were patent to the youth of that day the same as now, and two lives as easily blended into one in the olden times as to-day, in either upper or lower circles of society; for God meant that in all ages the language of love should actuate, inspire, and be translated, not singly, but in pairs.

**The Fenimore House, Cooperstown, N. Y.,** } **June.**

NEW YORK people are justly proud of that magnificent chain of fresh water lakes running throughout the northern section of the State. Aside even from Lakes Ontario and Erie in the northwest, as boundaries with Canada, there are gracing every section of the State Lakes Oneida, Cayuga, Seneca, Canandaigua, Chautauqua, Upper and Lower Saranac, Saratoga, Skaneateles, Racket, and nameless others. Nature seems to have been prodigal of her beautiful and healthful waters, and quite partial to our friends in Yankeedom. Thanks are due also from the nation that the Indian vocabulary was consulted when these lakes were named.

But of all the New York lakes, and I am not a stranger to their real beauty, none of them can have such charms for me as Otsego, the headwaters of the noble Susquehanna. For many reasons, therefore, it was a peculiar pleasure early this morning to hear in the home of my friend Murray, in Binghamton,

THE NORTH BRANCH OF THE SUSQUEHANNA AT BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

the rollicking cry, "All aboard for Otsego Lake."

The Chenango River lies sluggishly in its bed, and can find but little energy until it strikes the Susquehanna and empties into it, as it does at this city. The clouds hang quite low in the east; the mists are creeping silently along the ridges; and the forests are crowned with all manner of matchless beauty.

Binghamton is proudly American in its instincts, tastes, and habits, and in all commercial, educational, and social lines is worthy of its distinguished place in the galaxy of American cities. It has well earned its name—"The Parlor City." As we steamed out of its busy centers and through its heartsome suburbs on the Delaware and Hudson system, our party chatted about auld lang syne, the pleasures in store for the excursion, and now and then looked after the sweetmeats which our good hostess had hid away in our lunch baskets.

*

The Susquehanna tourist does not expect to find, as along the Danube, the Avon, and the Rhine, ivy-crowned towers and castles,

aqueducts, ancient roadways, minarets, famous battlefields, and magnificent ruins. America does not boast of great antiquity, hereditary privileges, immense wealth, or populous empires now extinct; but she does chronicle as indubitable proofs of greatness the cozy homes of her free and prosperous peoples, her freedom of speech, freedom at the ballot box, freedom of the press, and freedom of her schools. She boasts of rich and unbounded agricultural resources, elegant farms, productive orchards, fruitful vineyards, fine herds of cattle, thrifty manufacturing villages, great cities, and a contented people who are not forever meditating how they may get a happier home beyond the seas. All the tides are toward America—immigration tides. All American types in home life, citizenship, language, business lines, and educational ventures seem to be not only sought after, but have the staying quality stamped upon them.

As we swept up the Susquehanna valley to-day with the river in full view, touching as we did at Harpersville, Nineveh, Afton, Sydney, Unadilla, Otego, and Oneonta, it soon became evident that we were in a highly

THE SUSQUEHANNA LEAVING OTSEGO LAKE.

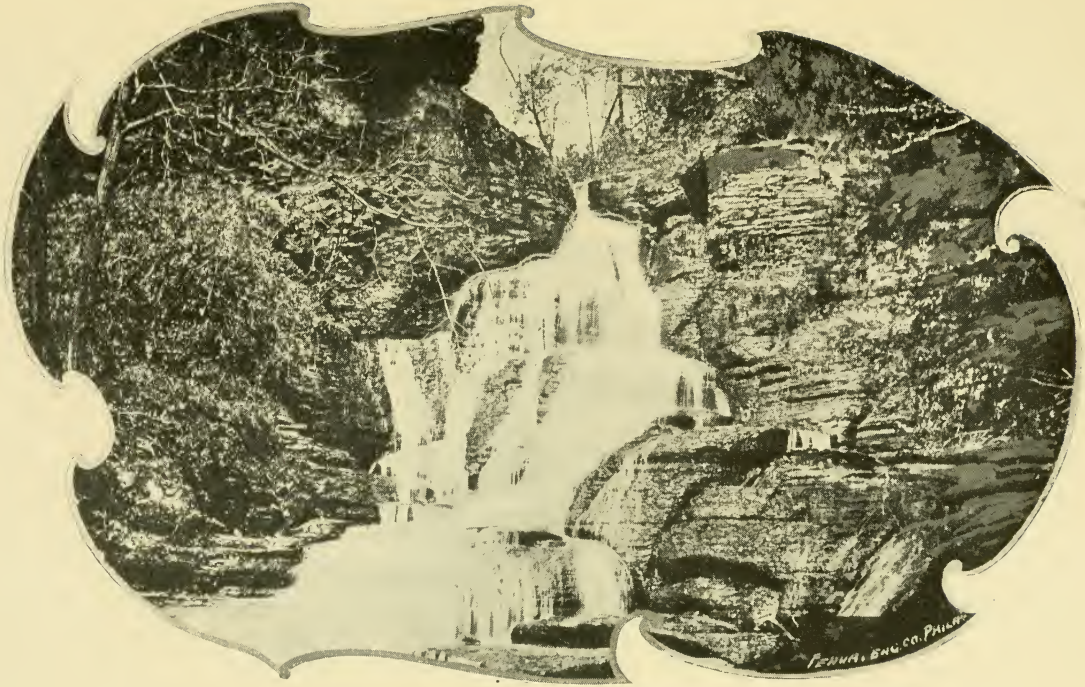
favored section. Dairy products abound. The soil is good, the farm buildings creditable, and the people intelligent and full of enterprise. The one single industry that did not commend itself, in spite of the great money connected with it, was the hop-growing industry of Broome County. I believe the virgin soil was made by the Almighty not to help forward the cause of beer, but to give bread and meat and the necessary substantials for the table three times a day and three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours every year.

*

Cooperstown, with Otsego Lake as a background, is the pride of the upper Susquehanna valley. The name and fame of James Fenimore Cooper, the distinguished writer of fiction, are forever associated with both. There is no jutting out of the mainland into the lake, no bluff upon its banks, no glen in its vicinity, but what has been christened through some incident in his "Leather-Stocking Tales." What with the abundance of salmon, pickerel, trout, and wild ducks of the waters, and the abundance of game of every description in the forests,

the whole lake country became a prominent resort of the Six Nations. Here they kindled their camp fires, powwowed in their councils, smoked their pipes, planned their expeditions to the upper lakes, or forced their way down the river.

Mr. Cooper says that Deerslayer, his hero, always called the lake "Glimmerglass," and gave as his reason, "that the whole basin is so often fringed with pines cast upward from its face as if it would throw back the hills that hang about it." "Right glad I am," said Deerslayer, "that Chin-gach-gook appointed our meeting on this lake, for no eye of man has ever seen such a glorious sight." Notwithstanding this touch of sentiment, it is a charming spot. Embosomed here amid these hills, twelve hundred feet above the Atlantic coast, and with a climate altogether wholesome, it has become a summer resort of much renown. The lake is nine miles in length, a mile in width, and an average of twenty feet in depth. The Susquehanna finds in this lake its source and supply, while every vale from this point to the sea is gladdened by a simple outlet amid the trees.




LEATHER-STOCKING FALLS, OTSEGO LAKE, N. Y.

It seemed right for our party of sight-seers, in setting out to compass the lake, to decline the tender of the steamers *Natty Bumpo* or the *Waterwitch*, and to hire two birch bark canoes. They were quite large enough for our crowd, although they required a deal of paddling and no lurching. Point Judith was soon reached, then the three mile point, McKean's Point, and Hutter's Point. From thence we swept around Clark's Bay and the head of the lake, and returned in high glee by way of the Leather-Stocking Falls. Some of our party were interested in Kingfisher Tower, a miniature castle, near Point Judith.

The drives in the vicinity of Cooperstown are peculiarly fine. When the tallyho appeared at our hotel, although much fatigued with the morning ride, all were quite eager to improve the time. Point Vision as an objective point was much enjoyed. Miss Fletcher, one of our number, lingered long enough to get the outline of the landscape for the purpose of reproducing it. Point Vision becomes decidedly interesting when it is remembered, as was brought out in the "readings" last evening, that it was the "scene of Leather-

Stocking's rescue from the jaws and claws of the angry panther." The monument to Mr. Cooper in Lakewood Cemetery is very much admired. Old Leather-Stocking's statue on its top, leaning on his rifle, clad in his hunting shirt, with leggings, powder-horn, and bullet-pouch, is suggestive of the chase.

There is a peculiarity about Lake Otsego that surprises me. It is fed exclusively by springs. The two trifling rivulets at the northern extremity of the lake make no impression whatever upon the waters. The numerous and varied picturesque views of the lake from many standpoints as caught by the camera have heightened our love for the beautiful, and taught us that the sense of beauty may become an ever-revealing power of the soul.

*

The night had not lost its grip upon the world when I left the Fenimore House and sailed up the lake alone as far as Wild Rose Point to get a first-class view of the daybreak. The heralds of the morning soon put in an appearance. See the gray glimmerings along the horizon there in the east! The scarlet-

tinted touches push back the darkness. Wait a bit! Now watch the amber and crimson colors as they go hurrying, scurrying, quivering, dancing about the tops of the hills! What mean those narrow stretches of pale green? That crest of silver? Those bits of gold? The sunbeams are a merrymaking set anyhow. There! They glide imperceptibly into the rifts of the storm-clouds far away in the west. It is all plain now. It is one of God's servants swinging out to duty. He flings his radiant beams over the hills and plains, over the woods and seas. Even these waters have mirrored forth already the rocks, the hedge, the sky. What an imperial guest he is! And with what unconquerable restlessness he pursues his course as time keeps threshing out the life of the folks who walk upon this uncertain planet.

I do not wonder that the understanding, unaided by revelation, floundering amid the bogs of human philosophies, yet instinct with desire to know the hereafter, should at once turn and call the sun a god.

Well! There is a Sun which is very God. It is the Sun of righteousness. That match-

less personality whose word is law in the realm of spirit; whose love surpasses knowledge; whose gracious smiles kindle beams of hope in the troubled breast. Darkness, sterility, destitution, and winter in the soul all disappear when Jesus speaks. It is the dawn of eternal hope! It is the early vision of a personal Redeemer! It is the sunrise of love! The morning soon melts into the after brilliant hours, even into the blessed noontide itself, and no changes in time or eternity can bring to hand the shadows of a waning day.

THE END.

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